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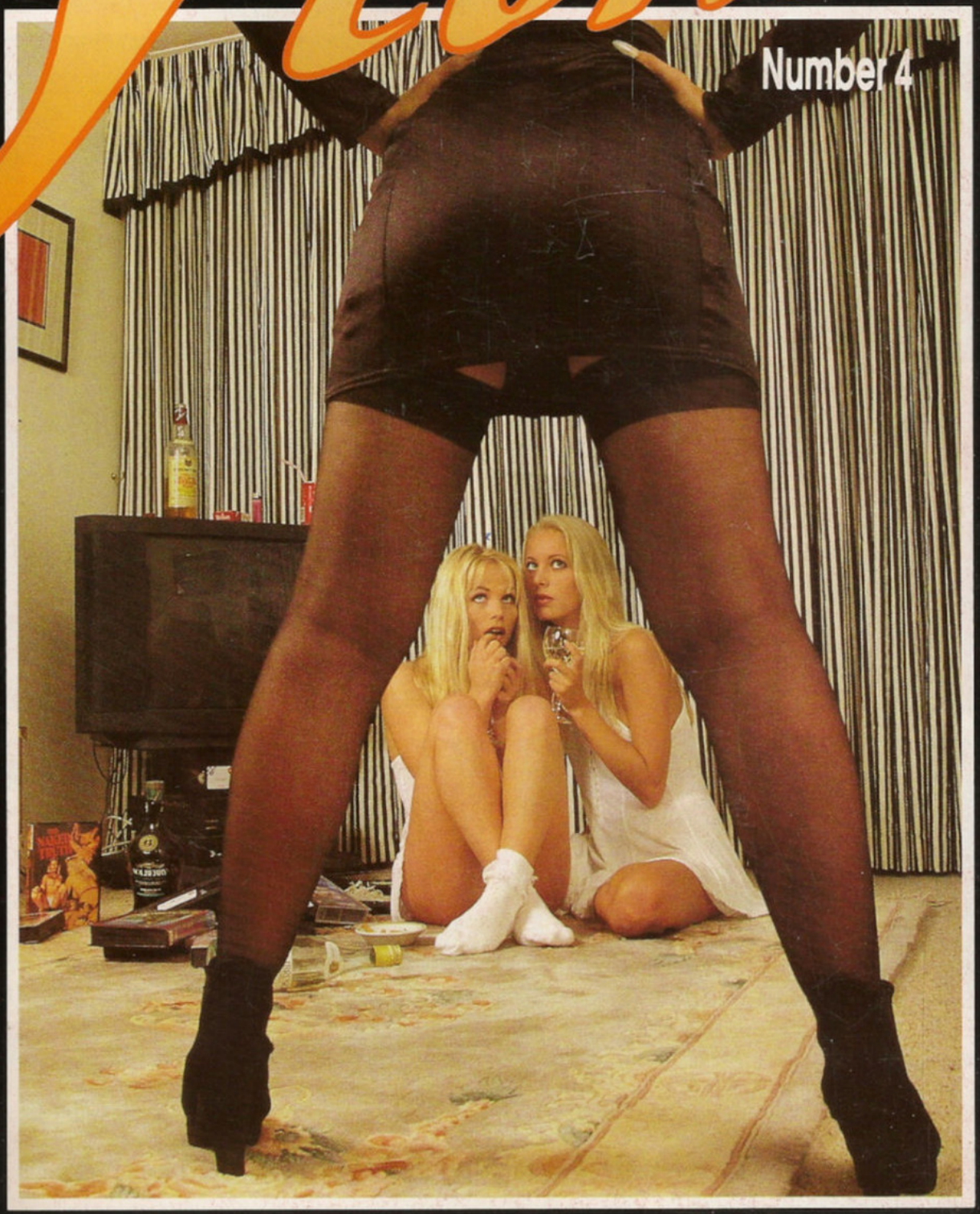

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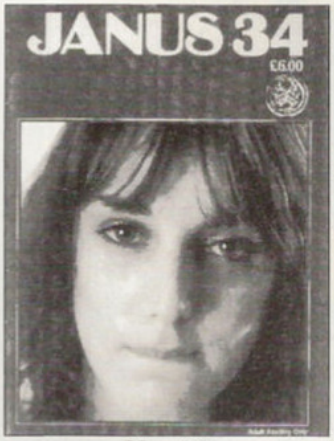

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Februs

4

CONTENTS

THE AID OF THE PARTY 5
A Photostory by Julie Holmes

THE FEBRUS INTERVIEW 16
Mercedes answers some probing questions from Paula Meadows

PAULA'S DIARY 31

THE PERFECT BOTTOM 34
A Short Story by Lucienne Zeger

THE LONG WEEKEND 37
by Matthew Silk

THE MOMENT 43
A Short Story by Tim Starfield

CLUB SCENE 46
J. P. Reports

READERS' LETTERS 49

BOOKCASE 51

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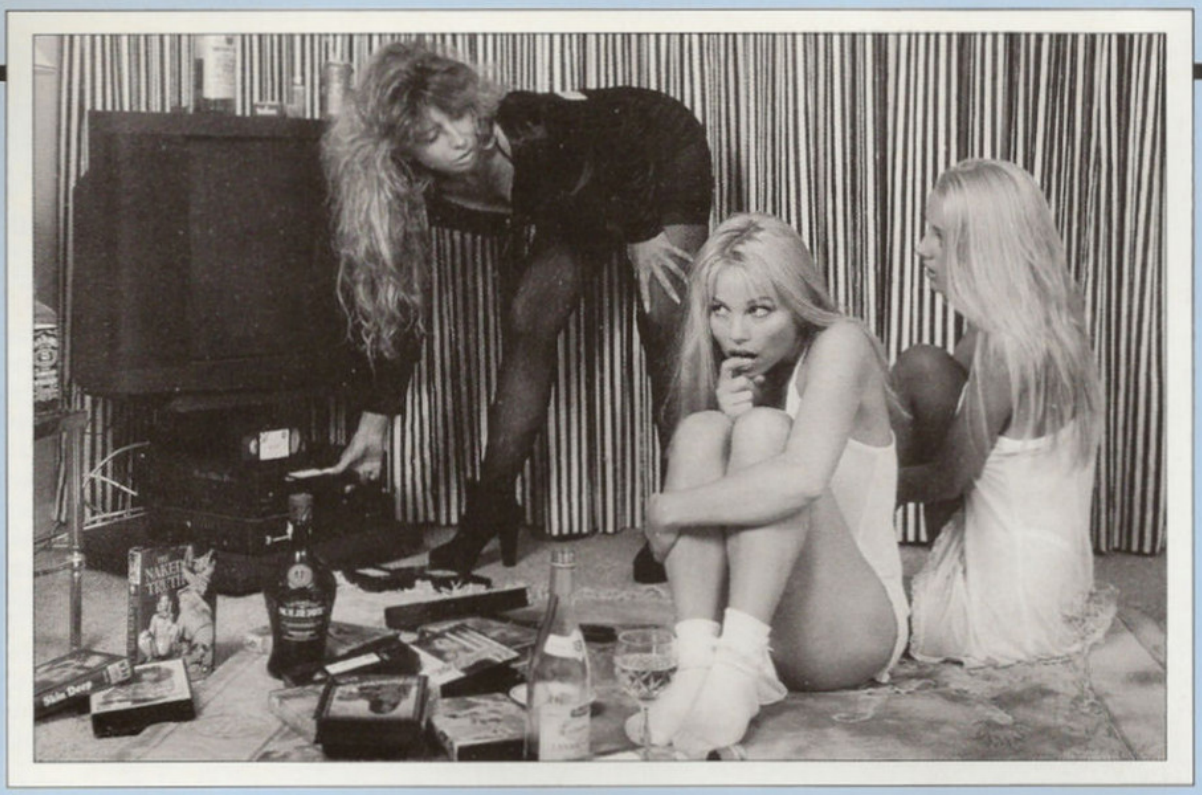


THE AID OF THE PARTY

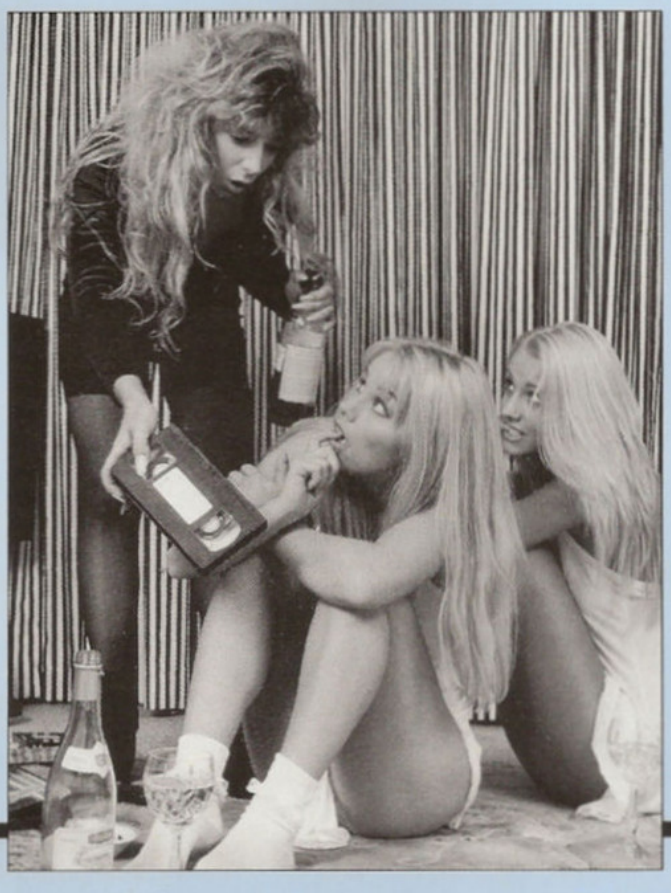
a photostory
by Julie Holmes

Now Is The Time....

They loved it when she was away. Not because they wanted to do anything particularly outrageous, they just wanted to relax - something Eleanor made extremely difficult.

This is my apartment,' Eleanor had told them almost a year before, 'and I expect you to remember that fact. I do not rent out rooms because I need the money but because I have to travel a lot and I prefer to leave the flat occupied. Also, when I am here, I like to be entertained. The rent, as I am sure you are aware, is just a nominal sum for legal purposes: your real payment will be by way of housework and caretaking duties. Does the arrangement suit you?'

It certainly did! Newly arrived in London from Derby, they had spent four weeks in a hostel trying to find digs their student grants and part-time jobs could accommodate. Eleanor's offer was the answer to their prayers. They were neither of them the traditional wild student and they rather liked the domesticated scene Eleanor implied.



After a couple of months, though, they had begun to realise the full meaning of her words. Eleanor expected them to live in the flat and take care of it without appearing to exist. They were not allowed to display personal ornaments; they were forbidden to enter the lounge when she was home unless specifically summoned; they could not invite friends "home" and they had to do all the everyday household chores. Eleanor could be extremely harsh: twice she had slapped Sally's face for what she termed "insolence" and when Anna had broken a dish she had actually made her kneel and crawl around the kitchen floor begging forgiveness. They were not happy with the situation, but they were better off than a lot of their friends, so they tried to make the best of it. After all, Eleanor was away from home a great deal.

And so it was that she returned from a trip unexpectedly to find the two friends sprawled in the lounge watching her videos and making free with her drinks. She

stood for several minutes in the doorway observing their drunken adolescent giggling before announcing her presence.

'Something about "the cat being away" I suppose?' Eleanor said softly. 'Well, she's back and wants to play too.'

She paused for a moment and the girls stared at her, frozen in trepidation. She was dressed in a manner that was both sexy and eerily severe. Her magnificent legs were bordered by an impossibly short skirt and ankle boots while her ample cleavage was contained within a tight longsleeved blouse. Her make-up and hair were, as usual, as faultless as if she had just come from the salon.

'Well, we'll have that off for a start,' she said, striding to the television, and perhaps you could tell me how you planned to replace my drinks? This is not supermarket plonk you know: I bought this in Brazil at a price that would keep you and your friends in the pub for a month!'

'Sorry, Eleanor,' Anna stammered, 'we didn't ...'

'No you didn't, did you?' the older woman raged. 'Well, you will now. My rules are simple so they should be easy to keep. If you can't remember them, they will have to be reinforced. Get over here.' She gripped Anna's ear and dragged her to the sofa. 'Simple rules and basic discipline ought to make for a harmonious household. It's time you two learned your place.'

Sally watched dumbstruck as her friend's face was pressed into the padded upholstery and her bottom was summarily spanked. Her scanty clothing afforded no protection and Eleanor was in earnest. Her own skirt had ridden up to expose her stocking-tops and suspenders and her tight outfit seemed to cling

Marlboro
PERRY
LAMBRUSCO

ever-closer to her splendid form. There could be no doubt that she had performed this task before: her hand rose and fell with an unremitting heavy rhythm, despite Anna's squirmings.

This was no playful bottom-smacking but a full-blooded chastisement. Anna gasped and howled as each blow landed, unable to believe that another would follow or that she would be able to bear it. She was yelling apologies, writhing under Eleanor's ministrations. Her bucking became so violent that her tormentor had to grasp ber wrists behind her back to maintain control. Sally watched in fascinated horror as the whole area of her friend's behind was transformed from ivory smoothness through several shades of blotchy pink to an even, almost iridescent, red.

'Perhaps you'll think

twice before purloining my possessions,' Eleanor hissed. 'Okay, let's finish you off.' And, expertly, she flipped Anna over so she lay on her back with her legs raised in the air, too exhausted to resist.

The punishment continued, with every slap now landing at the top of Anna's thighs and over her heated sex-lips. The pain was no less, the force with which Eleanor meted out the punishment did not diminish, but Anna lacked the energy to respond. She lay whimpering and shuddering each time Eleanor's palm struck her beleaguered nates, willing it to end.

Finally, Eleanor seemed to tire of the exercise and rolled Anna over on her lap for a humiliating inspection of her handiwork and final slippering 'to even out the colour tone'. She delivered a speech, which Anna was beyond comprehending,

on respect for privacy and gratitude for charity and told Anna to watch her friend receive her "disciplining".

Sally had been transfixed throughout her friend's ordeal and now it was too late to do anything but obey Eleanor's order to stand in front of the fireplace.

'I have a treat for you,' Eleanor taunted. 'I'm a little tired after dealing with your chum, so I shall need some help in giving you what you truly deserve.' As she spoke, she caressed the twin tongues of a vicious-looking tawse. 'Turn around with your hands on the mantelpiece and your cute little arse pushed out to greet my assistant.'

Sally posed in the way Eleanor wanted and braced herself for the first bite of the strap. She had no experience of such things and could not imagine how it would feel.

She soon found out! The split leather band came down on the fullest part of her rump, with fleeting impressions of weight and heat which slowly took on a tingling, almost electrical, quality. Unlike the hand-spanking, Sally's punishment was given at a measured pace, with the full impact of each strike being allowed to sink in before the next was delivered. The clean retorts echoed around the high-ceilinged room, chased by Sally's full-throated animal wails. Despite her short slip and panties, the tawse bit deep into her flesh and when Eleanor told her to bare herself for inspection, her whole backside was covered in raised and mottled hues of mauve and crimson where the straps had crossed over earlier weals.

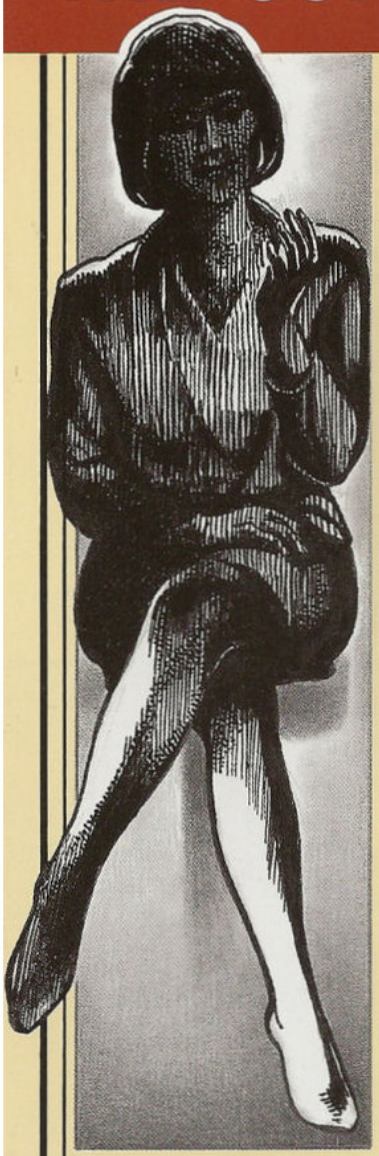
Sally's legs were trembling and Eleanor knew she would not be able to resume her original position.

'Kneel!' she barked and when Sally was on all fours she straddled her, bringing the tawse down on her exposed bottom with a series of rapid blows and pinning Sally between her knees. She knew Sally would be unable to take much more and was hurriedly devising an extension to the punishment that would be more humiliating than physical.

Outside, down in the street, a car door slammed, unheard in the apartment with its effective double glazing...

To be continued.

THE CONFESSIONAL



Februs INTERVIEW

Conducted by
Paula Meadows

I have known Mercedes for quite a while now. For the last two or three years she has darted in and out of my awareness like a tropical firefly, attractive, intelligent and quietly mysterious. I decided I had to find out more about her, and prepared my questions with care. To my delight, she answered me both fully and in depth, holding nothing back. Some of her answers surprised me. All of them interested me.....

Paula: First of all Mercedes could you give us some kind of picture of yourself? How would you describe yourself? An assertive, independent sort of girl, career orientated? family orientated? A submissive, quiet sort of female who gets her way by gentle means?

Mercedes: I suppose I have always been very independent and wanted to be different. I have never "followed the crowd". I have never been dependent upon a man to keep me, even when I was married with small children, I always worked outside the home. In latter years though I have become more family orientated and enjoy working around my house and garden. Characterwise I can be tactless and quite aggressive. I don't mean to be, I put it down to being born a Sagittarian. I don't have a lot of patience and am very demanding both of myself and others. Though I can be a very lazy person. I am quite easy going but am easily hurt and can be very sensitive to criticism, though I am quick to criticise others.

Emotionally I am quite a strong person. I have had a lot of set backs in my life, but have always survived them. Basically, suppose, I am a fighter.

Paula: Were you introduced into the world of C.P. through a particular person, or was this an idea which arose spontaneously in your mind as a fantasy, which you then sought out?

Mercedes: I was introduced into the "scene" by an ex-boyfriend who has now become a very close friend. This happened about four years ago after a break up of a seven year relationship. Until I met M. I suppose I had led quite a sheltered life and meeting M. was the best thing that happened to me. He not only introduced me to C.P. but also made me realise what a big world it is. He opened my mind and I am now able to explore all sorts of avenues in my thirst for knowledge. I now take a much greater interest in art, theatre, photography, travel and I realise there is a lot I can do on my own. There is so much I want to do and see generally. It was after meeting M. that I became a published poet; so I have a lot to thank him for.

Paula: Can you remember your very first experience and how you reacted?

Mercedes: I met M. through an advert he placed in my local paper asking for photographic models. I have two very close girlfriends and we wanted to do something together in my bedroom, which has a Victorian feel to it. We had some very pretty pictures taken in my Victorian underwear, then for some reason I got this idea in my head that I wanted to wear my riding gear. I was at one time a keen horsewoman. I put on my white shirt and tight white jodhpurs and my high black riding boots which M. shined up for me. Then, of course I had to get my riding crops! The idea of crops has, I admit, always excited me; there is something erotic about them. M. is a very persuasive person and I must admit I did enjoy being told what to do that afternoon, plus the attention I was getting. We did a couple of shots of one of my friends over the end of the bed with me standing behind her pretending to whack her. I couldn't help myself, though, I did give her a whack! Then M. told all three of us to strip off and lie on the bed, face down, which we did. He then gave us each one stroke with the crop on our bottoms, then laid the crops crossways over our behinds and took quite a classic photo which we called "Crossed Crops". That session was very mild but it sowed ideas in my head, or perhaps they were already there? I don't know.

Paula: How do you refer to these experiences? Is it "punishment" or "training", "discipline" or "submission"?

Mercedes: "Submission", I like that word, it is soft sound sound. I am actually submitting to someone's control over me, which I enjoy. I am for that moment giving over complete control to that person - I am enslaved. Also, I suppose, "training". My training is ongoing. I did think I was well trained but I am prone to lapses which earn me "naughty girl" slaps on the back of my thighs. "Stingers" as one of my Masters refers to them. Being told to bend over or to "present" myself for punishment excites me much more than the punishment itself; though I do know I have to take the punishment for my Master's pleasure.

Paula: What are your favourite kinds of situation? Can you give us an example of an experience that excited you?

Mercedes: When one of my Masters requires my presence I will receive a telephone call. Obviously what my Masters require of me varies but basically the format is the same. I will be told to arrive at a certain time. I am told what I should be wearing and I must be very careful to fol-

Photo Martin Maynard

low these instructions. One of my Masters is most particular that I have perfect make up and painted nails and am wearing earrings as he likes to see me decorated. I don't like bodily hair so I shave everyday anyway but when I visit a Master I must shave myself very carefully so I am smooth. When I visit G. I must wear knickers so he can remove them and gag me with them. In K.'s presence I must never wear knickers. The excitement is in the anticipation and not knowing what is going to happen.

My most exciting experience was my first meeting with G. a couple of years ago. I advertised for a new Master and I was attracted immediately to G's reply. I arranged to meet him at a country pub and when I first set eyes on him I knew I was hooked. His arrogance and assumption that I would do as he bid turned me on. After a couple of drinks we left the pub and he told me to leave my car and to get into his. He drove me to some local woods where he told me to strip naked except for my ankle boots.

Paula: Good heavens Mercedes! What risks you take! Weren't you nervous?

Mercedes: Well, looking back I realize now that I was taking risks but at the time I was only aware of the overwhelming excitement.

Paula: So what happened next?

Mercedes: He then ordered me to walk in front of him with my hands on my head deep into the forest. He walked behind me helping me on with lashes from his belt. G. is young, beautiful and successful. I was in love.

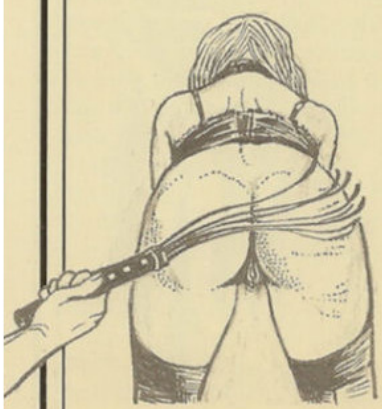
When we were deep enough into the woods he ordered me to my knees to worship him with my mouth. He was so clean and smelt expensive. He then turned me to face a tree and I held on to the tree whilst he lashed my behind with his belt. The very act of a guy removing his belt I find very sexy. He then kissed me and helped me back to his car where I got dressed and he drove me back to the carpark. He touched my nose and told me to write a poem for him for next time, which I did.

Paula: Do you seek out humilation as well as physical punishment or is it just a matter of whatever your Master requires of you?

Mercedes: I serve three Masters. Obviously I am their property to play with as they wish. I bodyworship K, and he allows this and likes it but with G, I would not dare to do this. A certain amount of humiliation takes place in all three relationships. I think M. understands my need

'We did a couple of shots of one of my friends over the end of the bed with me standing behind her pretending to whack her. I couldn't help myself, though, I did give her a whack!'

'I can take a lot of physical pain, especially a sound beating on my bottom. It's the mind games I find difficult to handle.'



for physical humiliation which I do not understand myself. But always there is physical punishment in one form or another, either with the cane, riding crop, cat-of-nine-tails, strap or hand spanking. I must admit that I do love being hand spanked, but this doesn't mark me and my Masters do like to see me well marked.

Paula: What kind of partners attract you?

Mercedes: I have always been attracted to younger guys and they have always been dark. Big muscular guys have never appealed to me. I like them to be non threatening physically but very strong mentally. I can instinctively sense a true dominant. I adore the self assurance, confidence and arrogance. These people without fail are successful professionally as well. I find power very sexy. My three Masters love women as people (a lot of men don't really like women) and have relationships with other females.

I share my Masters with other women; this is something I have come to accept though I sometimes now yearn for a "normal" relationship with a "one woman" guy but would I miss the excitement and go looking for it? I don't know.

Paula: Have you been "dominated" by both men and women, and if so what were your reactions?

Mercedes: On the instructions of my Masters I have been dominated by women, it has not been my choice and I have not enjoyed it at all. In these circumstances I "switch off". You see, I don't really like women, I see them as a threat. I have a few close very good female friends and I also have a lot of male friends (nothing sexual, just friendship). I am also not turned on by women dominating men or other women although I do enjoy watching a good Master dominate his female slave.

Paula: Do you allow yourself to be dominated by men in your everyday life?

Mercedes: I like to think I am not dominated by anyone in everyday life. I will not be coerced into anything I do not like to do nor want to do. Salesmen have no

chance with me! I think I mentioned at the beginning of this interview I can be rather aggressive, particularly on the telephone. I can put people down with cutting remarks, whether they be male or female.This is quite a difficult question actually, but basically, no I am not dominated by men in every day life (though if he is attractive I may flirt with him to get him round to my way of thinking)!

Paula: Do you find yourself meditating much on why you like to be beaten and treated in this way. Have you come to any conclusions?

Mercedes: Let me get something straight here, I do not enjoy being beaten. I am not (at least I don't think I am) a masochist. I am a submissive in sexual games. I enjoy the attention I get when I am being beaten, it is the attention I enjoy; also I am quite an exhibitionist. Lately I have been doing a lot of thinking but then I stop myself because I don't want to know where it is leading. I do think about how long I can play the submissive and whether I will eventually just lose interest. Or will I end up a very frustrated old woman with no- one to play with me any more? I do enjoy the giving over of control to another person. In that way I have no responsibility and do not have to think. I did say I was lazy!

Paula: Are there any aspects of the SM world that worry you? Are you ever afraid of going too far? Is your consent important and being respected etc?

Mercedes: Perhaps I will start your last question here. Anything performed upon my body without my consent would be an assault. With K, I signed a contract. With M. I signed a letter of consent and with G. my consent is implied.

Whilst under the control of one of my Masters I am consenting to all they wish to do to me or have me do to them or other people, though at times I may not enjoy what they ask me to do. Most times I enjoy it. I love to please my Masters. Am I ever afraid of going too far? How far is too far? The expert Master takes his slave a little farther than perhaps she would want to go, she would not respect him if he called a halt every time she whimpered. A good Master knows how far to take a particular slave. It is all to do with trust, and I trust my Masters.

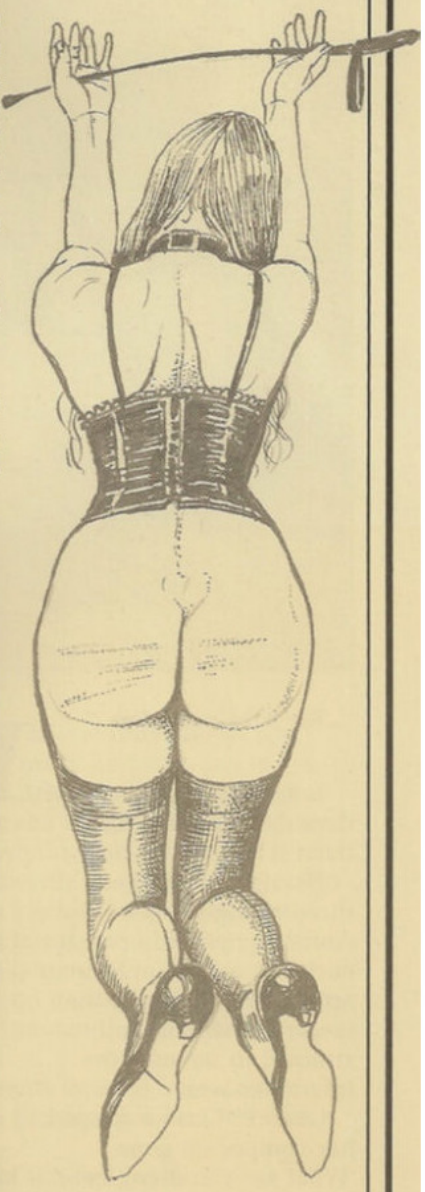
I have tried most things in the SM world, some I like more than others, some I don't like at all. I can take a lot of physical pain, especially a sound beating on my bottom. It's the mind games I find difficult to handle. Mind games seem to be a natural progression once one has tried everything else.

I must bring in here, just as an afterthought, it is important that my Masters are aware of any real fears I have; for instance I do suffer from claustraphobia and to be shut inside a closed box would really freak me out, even to be shut in a room with no windows would have the same affect. My Masters are aware of this fear of mine and respect it and would not knowingly subject me to anything that would cause me such distres

My relati ip with my Masters does depend on o ess, trust and respect for each of us.

Paula: That seems to be a good moment to bring this interview to a close. Thank you, Mercedes, for talking so honestly to us. ❑

'The expert Master takes his slave a little farther than perhaps she would want to go, she would not respect him if called a halt every time she whimpered.'



Photos Martin Maynard

....For All Good Men

'Is this a private party or does it need a man to liven it up?'

The deep voice froze all three young women. Anna's quiet whimperings ended in a hiccup; Eleanor arrested the swing of the tawse midair and Sally strained to see who the interloper was.

'Gerald!' Eleanor gasped, her composure gone. 'What are you doing here?' Her response was much the same as that of the two other girls when she had returned earlier.

'I thought I'd drop in and see you as you haven't been around much lately. It is, after all, **my** apartment. I see your tastes in entertainment haven't changed: are you going to introduce me?'

Eleanor was uncharacteristically quiet as Gerald took the tawse from her and addressed Sally and Anna. 'She's always had a soft spot for blondes,' he informed them. 'So have I, in fact. It seems the fun's all been a bit one-way so far: perhaps you'd like to help me redress the balance?'

Gleefully the two girls followed his instructions to pose Eleanor in the way he wanted. Although their own bottoms were still ablaze from the treatment they had received, they set about their task with enthusiasm, forcing Eleanor's head low onto the padded seat, raising her skirt and spreading her feet wide so that her stockinged legs tapered to an archway of flawless alabaster skin, its pinnacle split by a discreet thong. Sally and Anna stood either side of her, holding her in position, not realising that in the five years she had been Gerald's mistress, Eleanor had learned never to disobey him. Whatever he had chosen to do to her, she would somehow have found the strength to bear.

He removed his jacket and delivered the first dozen strokes with the

same measured deliberation Eleanor had so recently employed with Sally. Although they were undoubtedly heavier than those Sally had received, Eleanor barely responded and only the involuntary tics of her thigh- and buttock-flesh and her controlled breathing gave any clue to the discomfort she was suffering.

Anna and Sally admired her stoicism, but at the same time felt a little cheated. After all, they had given a verbal and visual response every time she touched them and they would have liked to have been given the same performance. It also made them feel inferior for not being able to withstand their own relatively lighter chastisement.

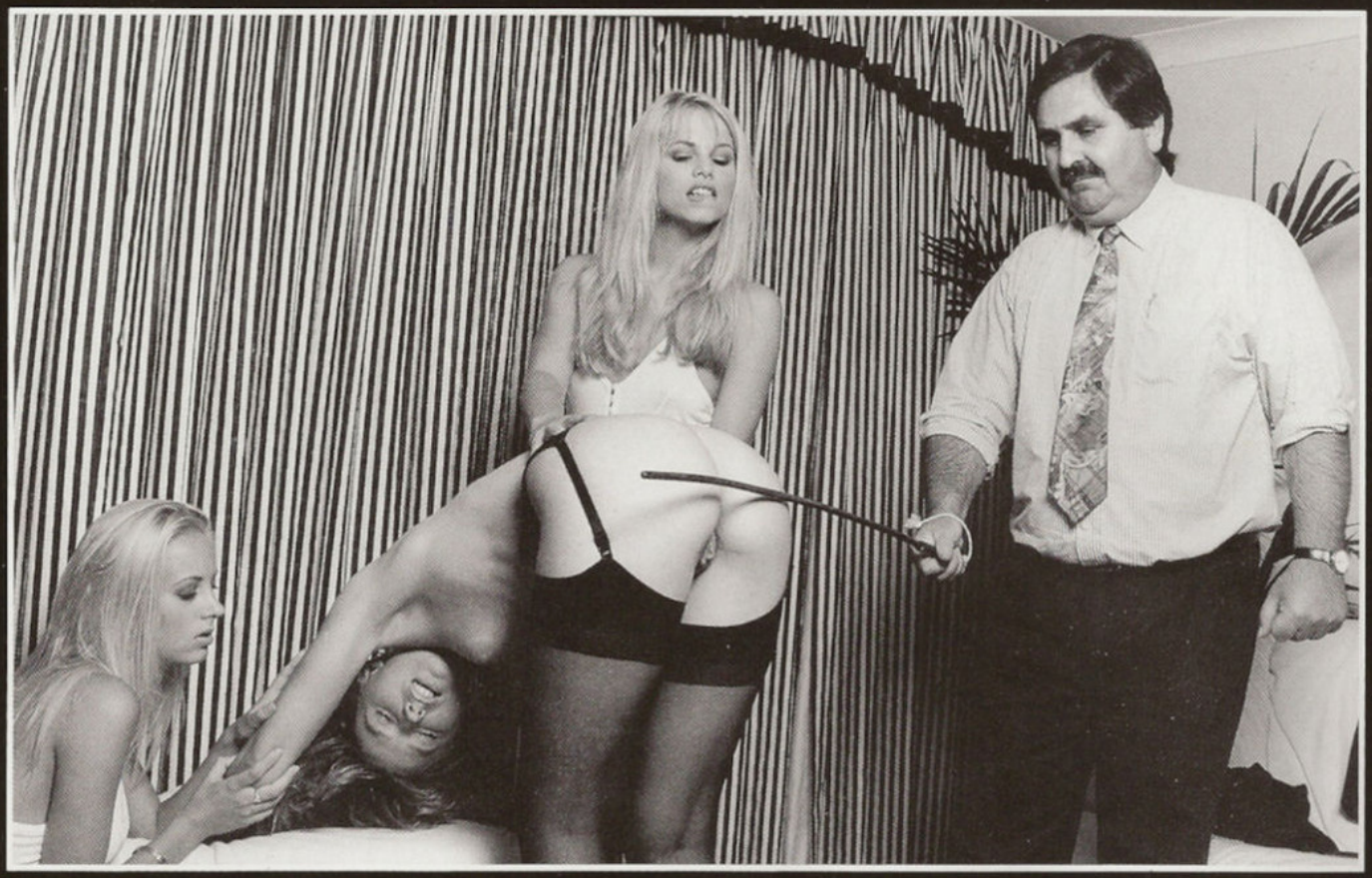
Gerald changed position, seating himself and ordering Eleanor to drape herself over his lap. Sally and Anna stood behind

him and watched as the strap descended in a burst of rapid fire. It was obvious that Gerald had less control or power in this position but the lighter, fast delivery aggravated the tenderised flesh and finally brought forth a flood of oaths and entreaties from their recipient. Sally and Anna felt vindicated and finally allowed themselves to experience a little sympathy for Eleanor.

'Right, let's compare battle scars, shall we?' Gerald asked jovially. 'Come on, girls, knickers off for buttock-inspection!' So saying, he pulled down Eleanor's thong and compared his handiwork to the vivid marks the girls bore. Of the three, Eleanor's marks were definitely the most pronounced, even though Sally and Anna's had had more time to form and emerge.

'I think Eleanor should take at least as much as you two combined, don't you?' he asked, going on without waiting for a reply. 'Get that contraption off her and have her straddle the pouffe. In this position, the tawse landed high up on the less-fleshy part of her behind. He delivered just three weighty blows then once again had her bend over the low seat, this time with her feet together, for a swift six from a swishy cane he knew lurked behind the curtains. Tramline weals rose immediately on the almost-marbled effect he had created with the tawse and at last he pronounced himself satisfied with the fruits of his labours.

'Well, that's the work over with,' be announced, 'now let's get on with the fun. Let's make sandwiches: every party should have sandwiches served!'



Anna and Sally were about to go to the kitchen when they caught the true meaning of his words. Feeling equally nervous and curious, they bent either side of Eleanor.

'That's lovely: very appetising,' Gerald opined, bringing the cane down across the three posteriors. It was not a harsh strike and the fact that it had to be "shared" by the three bottoms meant it lost a lot of its potential sting, but it was enough to bring a gasp from Sally and the second stripe caused all the girls to flinch. Gerald was almost playful in his delivery and the absence of malice made it easier to bear the eight cuts he chose to deliver.

'Very nice,' he said. 'but I'm still hungry. Let's have a tripledecker".

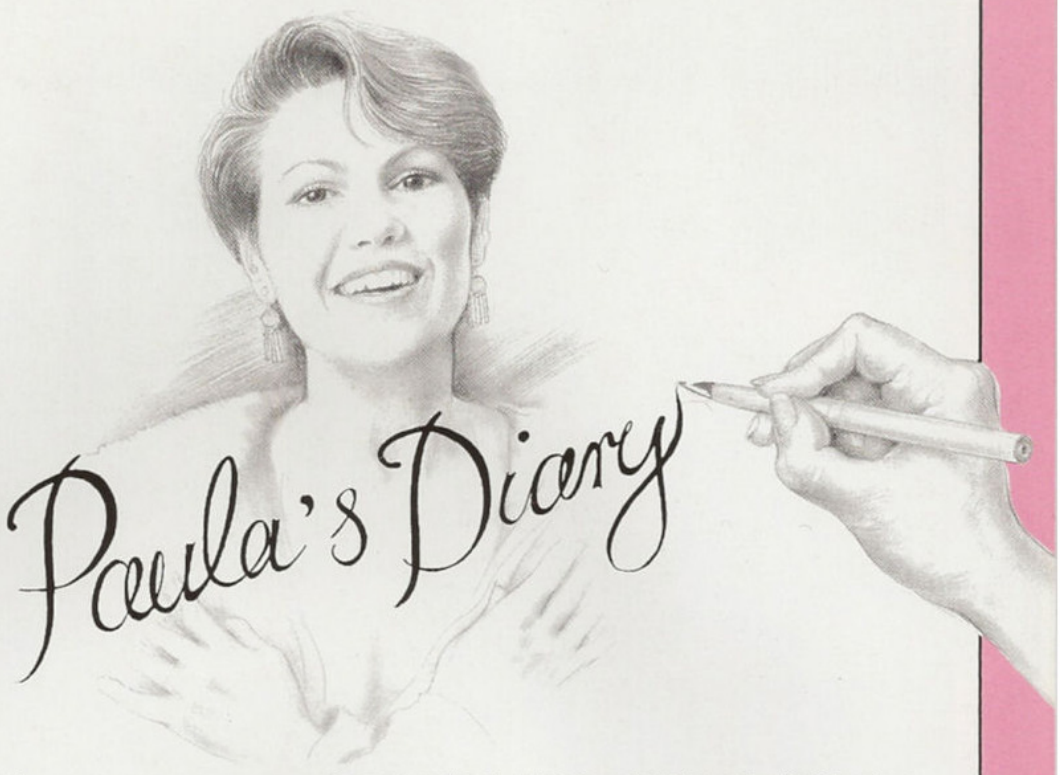
With much hilarity, the young women let him help them stack themselves on top of one another, with Eleanor once again in the middle.

'It seems to be a toasted sandwich with some very rare meat in it,' Gerald joked. 'And this is what you might call some gentlemen's relish!'

The tawse dealt with each of them in turn, then struck all three, albeit lightly, with a series of vertical strokes. Leaving them in this position, unable to soothe their smarting flesh, Gerald explained how things were to be in the future.

'Of course, Eleanor, I want you to regard this flat as your home and I have never interfered in your running of it before and don't intend to do so now. However, since you have decided to take in these two charming ladies, I think we need to define the situation a little more tightly. Obviously, there will be times when they displease you and they should be punished. I want you to keep a record of these occasions and when I call in future I will deal with them appropriately and you may assist me. Similarly, if either of them wishes to complain about your conduct, that too will be dealt with. And if nobody has any complaints about anyone, we'll have a party. Agreed?'

Of course they all agreed: they were in no position to do otherwise! ❑



Paula's Diary

My Diary tells me that it was in Spring earlier this year that I came up from the Metro in Paris with my road map in my hand.

I was, of course, on the wrong side of the road. That is par for the course in Paris. I always am on the wrong side of the road and this, in turn, means that I have to take my life in my hands and dash across the Rue, which, with drivers in France, means crossing in hope but without any support from faith or charity and prayers have no validity whatsoever.

Phew! I made it.

I scanned my road map and saw that I had to turn gauche at the corner of the road.

Paris is an enchanting city at any time, in winter, summer or autumn, but in spring its magic is at its most potent. It has maximum thrust and I was feeling irrepressibly joyous as I turned the corner and sought to find Annabel's office. I found the address easily enough but it was all locked up tighter than a drum and I had to bang on the door and dance about waving my arms in Gallic fervour until a concierge opened the door and pointed to a flight of stairs. I ascended meekly. At the top of the stairs a languid young man enquired as to my business and I said I had an appointment to meet Annabel Faust, the editor of *Sexy Mag*. I told him that I was an editor myself but I didn't impress him. He was too languid to be impressed by les Anglais speaking bad French. He vanished and I assume told someone somewhere within the busy series of corridors and offices because Annabel herself came out to greet me warmly. Annabel is as American as pumpkin pie but she is also 100% French, if you can imagine, that combination. She works in Paris and we swap information from time to time. We female editorpersons have to hang together in a predominently male world you know. Oh yes indeed.

I sank into a chair opposite her desk while she flipped swiftly through the pages of *Februs*.

"Do I have anything which may interest the readers of *Februs*?" she said softly. "Well now. I might have. I really think I might. Have you ever considered the nationality of bare bottoms?"

I thought for a minute, but she went on. "Look at this one. A peach. You ought to recognise it since you worked with the lady in a couple of movies a few years back. That is what I'd call a Californian posterior. That belongs to Nina Hartley. I just fixed a dancing tour for her all over France. She was a sensation."

I looked at the transparency. It was a beautiful bum, that was for sure. Probably one of the best in the world.

I handed Nina back across the desk. "Mmm. That must have been more than ten years ago," I murmered dreamily. "She was twenty and I was thirty..er...something."

The especial project upon which we were engaged, Nina and I, was a film called "Fashion Fantasies". It was about two girls in New York running a boutique. She was American and I was English. I had taste but she had the bezazz. One day she buys a frock which used to belong to Mae West and I think it is the most vulgar design I've ever seen, but it has magical erotic properties in every stitch and any girl who wears it becomes a mad Nympho, including the cool English girl. "Its a clever idea for this kind of movie.." Nina had said thoughtfully, "Though I don't think I need a dress worn by Mae West to get me going; I climb the ladder of fame wrong by wrong anyways."

And so she did.

It was Nina I recalled, who got impatient when we spent too long on a hot day shooting the dialogue. "To hell with this!"she exploded, pulling her short skirt up above her waist, yanking her panties down and fanning herself vigorously with the script.

"When do we get to the sexy bits? I'm raring to go right NOW. If we hang around any longer I shall get a heat rash!"

I haven't seen her since then, but we have kept in

French

Japanese

American

French

....Nina Hartley
on the right

American

American

Italian

Dutch

touch. When my exhibition opened in Paris there was a cable from her. She had been doing her special act, dancing fearlessly naked in night clubs all over France. In America she ran her own phone-in programme, answering questions about sex and putting across her own brand of philosophy to women, be positive, don't waste time fighting and blocking your sexuality, find out what turns you on, get your act together and ENJOY being sexy!

Oh Nina. The girl who never sold the pass.

I suddenly snapped out of my daydream and was back in the office. Annabel was tossing more transparencies at me across the desk.

"Do you really think bottoms have a national characteristic?" I asked.

"Oh yes," she replied smiling. "It's probably due to the terrain. In New York a girl gets into an elevator. In Paris a French girl has to climb stairs."

I had just climbed stairs to her office so I knew that was right enough.

"Here's a Dutch butt" she said. "Holland is flat. They never have to climb a hill. Here's a Swiss girl and she is climbing mountains all day long."

So, here I submit for your delectation a collection of some of the most beautiful bottoms (and most spankable) from around the world, and, prominent among them, perhaps the most beautiful of them all, that of my friend the erotic actress Nina Hartley.

Thanks Annabel!

The Perfect Bottom

by Lucienne Zeger

with photos by China Hamilton

IF EVER THERE WAS A PERFECT BOTTOM IT WAS AMANDA'S. Whenever Dr.Arbut's niece had come to stay with him, he had been very aware of this particular feature. For this divine bottom alone she was a very welcome guest. Her summer visits were of particular pleasure to him as this meant endless hours round the pool in his extensive and private gardens. He would lie back in his lounger and enjoy the sun while Amanda would enjoy the water.

Being a presumptuous young lady she always wore a skin-tight black swim suit which was daringly cut to reveal almost all of the bottom and required a maximum bikini-line wax at the front. She had powerful legs with a fine classical shape, these rose to a wide crutch through which the light always passed and were surmounted by two round slightly plump cheeks that glowed with health.

Dr.Arbut had developed a very considerable taste for the firm application of a long and flexible cane to the bottoms of all his now very grown up daughters. He had always considered such discipline both fair and reasonable especially as his children, when older, had always been inclined to break the rules. Such punishment was the norm both in the home and the schools of his country and was seen to maintain the right standards.

Such wistful memories were all he had until Amanda got drunk at a party and dented his car which he had lent her.

In the cold light of morning, she begged him not to tell her parents but equally he knew that she must be taught responsibility. Dr.Arbut, therefore arrived at a compromise, if she would accept the cane from him, he would pay the bill and say no more. Amanda had almost jumped at this opportunity to keep the matter quiet.

That evening after their formal dinner, he escorted his naughty niece to a locked room at the top of the house. She was astonished to see here, that upon a wall, were a frightening collection of canes. Each was of varied length and thickness to suit every need and bottom, all reminders of her Uncle's and perhaps her cousins past. A simple narrow antique table supported on twisted legs stood in the middle of the room on the tiled floor and a ornate china doll strangely sat upon a chair as though to watch the proceedings.

The walls of the room were draped with curtains making it cosy, intimate and sound proof.

Dr.Arbut indicated to Amanda the other chair in the corner upon which she was to place her clothing. He told her she should retain her stocking, suspenders and black evening gloves. She was also to leave on her high heeled shoes, which he said would assist her legs to attain just the right angle.

Amanda, still full of bravado, undressed in front of him, pleasingly showing him her almost fully shaved and saucy cunt. Here he stopped her and made her bend at the chair for a full inspection of her bared bottom. This undertaken her told her to also remove the leather basque she still had on, as the ordeal might make her sweat and spoil the garment. This she did to expose her small and dark nippled breasts.

She had been driving while drunk, Dr.Arbut explained, which was both against the law and stupid; for this he must give her a caning that she would not forget for a very long time. Amanda must also accept every stroke and bear her pain like the young woman she now was. Indeed, nothing less than thirty six strokes would do. Two dozen for the drinking and twelve for the damage to the car. If she did not accept them all, even one, he would happily tell her parents. To Dr.Arbut's practiced eye, this arse would take even his thick cane with great resilience and thirty six would hardly be enough.

Slightly less confidently she nodded her head; concern, though, was spread across her face and he could see her nipples harden as she looked wide-eyed upon the cane he selected. It was his thickest and longest and he bent it in his hands to show her just how flexible it still was.

Dr.Arbut indicated to his niece the table and told her to lie over it but to keep her legs out straight behind so that the skin of her bottom was not too tight and would shape painfully to the canes impact.

Her prostrated body was a beautiful sight and the mature bottom formed a magnificent welcoming area for the cane to work upon.

Dr.Arbut removed his dinner jacket and slowly rolled up his sleeves, there was to be no hurry, such punishment was as much about the waiting as the actual strokes.

He made her now press the thighs together to raise the cheeks, even this couldn't hide her perfect crack at their apex. He would enjoy seeing this become moist, as it always would when he went to work and the body wriggled uncontrollably,part in pain, part in sexual pleasure.

Her prostrated body was a beautiful sight and the mature bottom formed a magnificent welcoming area for the cane to work upon.

Dr Arbut paused and explained to the tearful girl that she had just been warmed up and that what was to come next would now make her really sorry for her stupidity.

The plumped up cheeks took his first stroke across their centre using the last and most flexible foot of the cane. This proud young lady would soon lose her confidence, as the gasping cry and suggestive shudder that ran through her body told him.

His considerable experience let the weal rise up on the perfect skin before he exactly repeated the stroke finding the same line. Now she cried out for this cut burnt like fire and her hands came round behind to try and protect her bottom.

He let her resume the correct position before giving her the third on fresh skin to be followed by the fourth again upon its predecessor's spot. This again produced the burning fire and a now abject scream. Five and six were at the base of her buttocks in that tender junction between bottom and thigh. The good doctor was not about to spare this girl and these six strokes left three punishing lines on her wriggling body. He now administer the next six slowly, placing them between the first lines. Amanda was already well caned and her gasping cries and pleas filled the room. Dr Arbut paused and explained to the tearful girl that she had just been warmed up and that what was to come next would now make her really sorry for her stupidity. He gave her six whippy cuts,one upon the other at the base of her cheeks and she begged and begged her Uncle not to keep using the same area but inevitably the six found their spot.

The cane now flew through the air to punish the top of her thighs, just above the line of her fishnet stockings. At each stroke she twisted and turned to try and avoid their pain and their cruel attention on this tender soft skin but his skill judged the mark every time and he repeatedly made her close her thighs tightly to keep the target area together.

At the end of two dozen he let her stand up and rub her punished skin. This would make it all the worse when she would have to bend again and present her bum to the unrelenting rattan. With a flick of the curving rod, he indicated the table and her tear-stained face and running make-up implored him to have pity. It was, though,her warm wet vulva tingling with sensations that were quite new and insatiable which encouraged her to position herself over the table once more, pressing her breasts and erect teats to the unyielding polished wood.

Now he examined her bottom with his hand, feeling its warmth and the raised bumps left by the instrument. He noted with satisfaction that she was quite running between the legs, for though he had made it hurt so much the experience had excited her.

At his age his arm was a little tired but this examination and observation gave his spirit new strength and the cane quite sung through the air in a cross stroke to the right cheek only. The next was another skilful diagonal to the other. Amanda jumped and tossed up her bum, opening and closing the gap between the cheeks to even reveal her puckered little tight hole.

Each of the last twelve either criss-crossed the flaming bottom one buttock to the next or worst of all, cut at the soft skin at the sides of the division sought out by the flexing tip of the cane guided by a practiced twist of the wrist, when the quivering muscles fully parted the cheeks.

That night, after her punishment, she had lain in bed on her stomach and finished, in a gasping pas sion, what the rod had started.

Despite this bonus, for days afterwards, Amanda sat at dinner with some difficulty.

Dr. Arbut had also much pleasure from the event, for as he lounged at the poolside in the hot sun he admired the fading patterns of his handiwork seen as white lines against his niece's rich tan. He hoped that Amanda would misbehave again during her stay for she certainly was a changed young woman. He was glad that after all this time he had not lost his touch. ❑

THE LONG WEEKEND

by
Matthew Silk

Marjorie felt a sense of triumph as she signed the cheque for the carpet. Her husband George had expressly forbidden her to come to the sale. He said they could not afford to spend any more of the joint account, especially as he had been passed over for promotion again.

It was a long time since she had openly defied him even though she was easily the main wage earner in the house nowadays. But she couldn't be held back by him any longer. Why shouldn't she spend the money? It was her wages which mainly went into the joint account. George would just have to put up with it. The carpet was beautiful - and a real bargain. She handed the cheque to the assistant with a smile.

It was done now. She felt relief as she walked from the shop. George would be angry, of course. He would probably holler and shout but all his threats were empty nowadays.

There was a time when she had looked up to him and hung on his every word. They had met when they were both students at teacher training college. She was young and tall, the best looking girl in the freshers' year. He was the top student in the final year.

He had been attracted by her lively nature and the long slender elegance of her figure which seemed to give her an air of mature sophistication in contrast to the other rather young female students. They had stayed together even after he left and had been married four years. But recently they had done little else but argue. Everything was turned round into a battle of words, a fight for supremacy between them.

She had been offered the chance to join a local scientific research company and jumped at the chance to leave teaching behind. Now she had been promoted to administrative head of a project team and was earning almost double George's salary.

But their arguments had become steadily worse since her promotion and George had little hope of advancement in his teaching career.

She had tried to encourage him to go for a job as a head but he would have none of it.

"They want businessmen as heads nowadays, men in suits, not teachers. Bad teachers become Heads, then foul up the system for everybody else," he snapped.

She could sense he was developing into one of those disappointed cynical men with no purpose or pride in their lives. It saddened her but at the same time his self pity irritated her.

Marjorie drove home and made herself a cup of tea, drinking it in the living room as she imagined what the new carpet would look like.

She heard George come in and go into the kitchen. She remembered she had left the receipt there but it was too late to move it now. He was bound to see it. Well, he had to find out sooner or later, she thought.

Moments later he burst in through the door his face red with fury.

"What the hell is this,?" he shouted, shaking the receipt in his

Paula

hands.

"I have bought the carpet" she said calmly. "We desperately needed it and I could not wait any longer."

"So you just bought it on your own, without even asking me. Is that it?"

"Yes," she said simply.

"Right, I've bloody well had enough of this," he yelled.

He stormed out of the room leaving her sitting slightly bewildered by the fire. She had never seen him as angry as this before. Moments later he came back into the room holding in his hand a Victorian wicker carpet beater, the size and shape of a tennis racket.

"Get up," he ordered.

She stared at him in disbelief.

"George what on earth are you doing?"

"GET UP," he repeated.

"George, dont be absurd. You can't beat me."

"Can't I? Don't you believe it," he cried. "I've had enough of being ridden over roughshod. You seem to think you can do as you please. Well I'm not having it. This time you have gone too far, Marjorie." He began moving menacingly towards her.

She edged backwards. "George, you can't be serious."

"On the contrary I could not be more serious," he replied. "I've had enough. It's time you were taught a lesson."

She retreated nervously from him as he advanced towards her. She managed to slip behind the settee but he caught her in the corner and dragged her by the arm into the centre of the room and pulled her toward an armchair.

"Bend over the back of the chair," he shouted.

"George, for God's sake," she cried.

But she was helpless as he gave her a quick tug. She pitched forward tipping over. He pushed her head down low in the seat then, before she could stop him, he moved swiftly behind her pinning her in position.

He slipped his hands round her waist and began undoing the buttons of her jeans pulling them down her legs to the floor.

"George," she shrieked as he inserted his thumbs inside the elastic of her panties and stripped them down exposing her bare bottom. She automatically pushed her hands behind her to protect her buttocks stretched over the back of the chair but he pulled them away holding her by the wrists.

"Keep still," he ordered.

"George, you cant do this. This isn't the Victorian age," she wailed.

"I am going to beat you every ruddy day from now on until you learn to behave decently toward me again instead of like a selfish cow," he shouted.

He lifted his hand from her back releasing her wrists. Remarkably she remained in position. He decided to take quick advantage of her compliance. Swiftly swinging the carpet beater back he swished it down with a rush of air at her two exposed cheeks. It landed flat against the centre of them both with a satisfying smack. She yelled but already he was pulling the beater back to inflict the second stroke.

She had never seen him like this before. She felt guilty about buying the carpet but she never dreamed he would react so strongly.

He swung the yellowing beater a second time like a tennis player's forehand drive smacking into the two round globes of her unprotected buttocks.

He watched with satisfaction the reddening glow spreading across both cheeks, enjoying his moment of victory over her. There had been precious few in the last eighteen months.

He drew the carpet beater back rapidly again giving her no respite from the punishment and aimed once more at her bare buttocks raised so invitingly high by her long slender legs. Her bottom was trim and firm. She had always had a good figure.

He swiped the carpet beater down. It made a loud swishing noise as it rushed through the air striking home with another whack. The oval shaped head virtually covered the whole of her bottom as it spanked her. It was a stiff, well constructed implement and he noticed as he withdrew it the interwoven flower-like pattern of the head was now imprinted in red marks on her pale flesh.

She buried her head deeper into the armchair and groaned. As he spanked her she seemed to slip forward over the chair so that her bottom was resting right on top of the chair back and her head buried deep in the seat.

Emboldened by her aquiescence, he began settling to his task building up a rhythm as again and again

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he smacked the wicker beater into her backside. Sometimes he would strike one cheek more than the other, one or two stokes fell a little low but for the most part the very size of the instrument's large head meant that it landed more or less in the same position each time - flat across both cheek, She did not have time to draw breath from one cry before another blow had landed so that her cries of protest were heard only every two or three smacks. But the very speed at which he was spanking her also worked to her advantage because it meant that, although rapid, the strokes were delivered at nowhere near the force he could have used with a more deliberate aim.

As the beater smacked against her throbbing cheeks again and again she licked and yelled digging her fingers into the armchair. But there was no escape from the relentless onslaught on her bottom.

Ssschwappp, ssschwapp, ssschwapppp..

Her knees buckled and her bottom twisted and wriggled on the chair back.

Ssschwapp, schwappp, sssssschwap

Her feet left the ground and were kicking the air.

But she was past caring now. She just wanted it to be over.

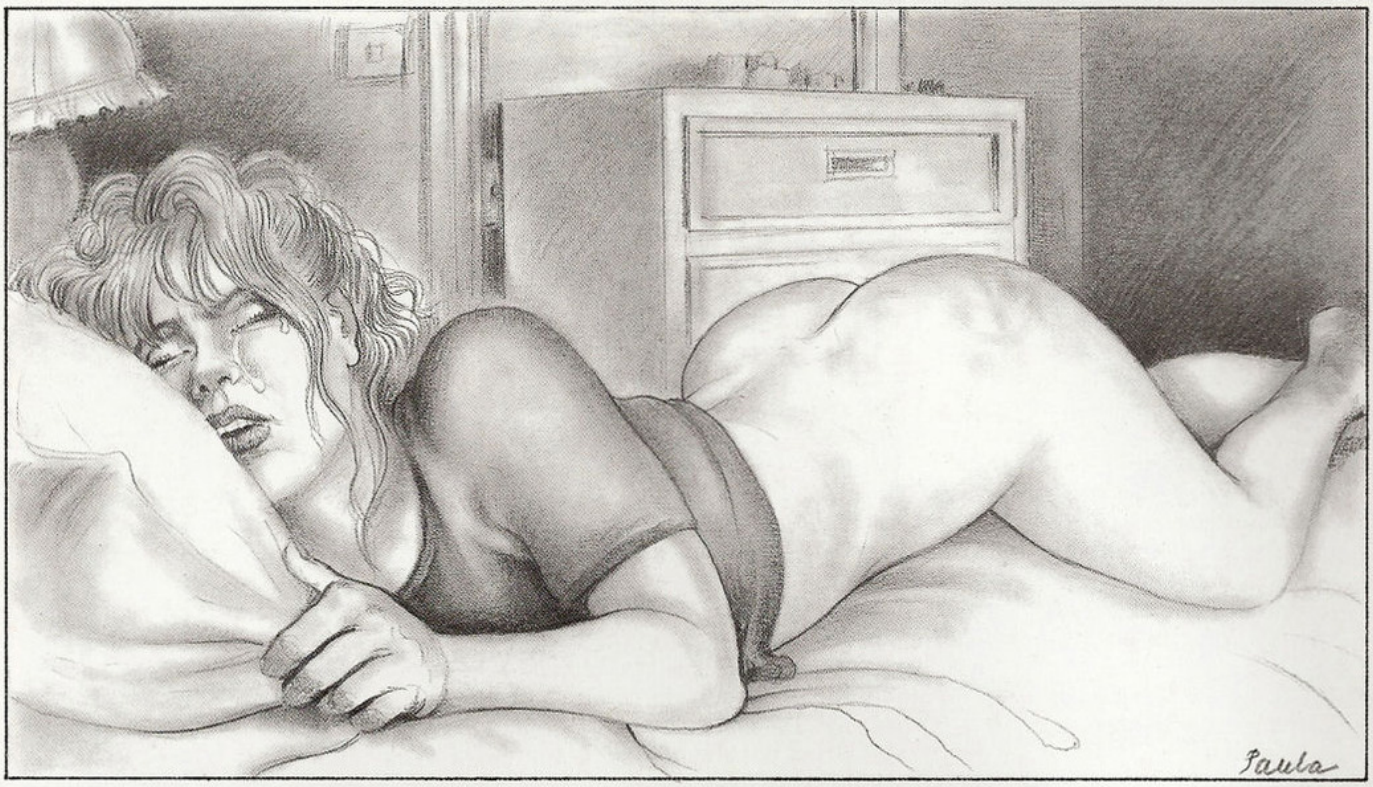
Quickly recognising this, he stopped.

For a few moments she was too shocked to move.

Then she jumped up. At first she was aware of nothing else but her scorching buttocks almost numb with pain. Then the full enormity of her humilation dawned on her.

As if awaking from a trance she turned round, glared at George and bent down to pick up her panties and jeans which had been kicked off and across the floor during her spanking.

Her face was flushed and her eyes wet with tears. "Don't ever, don't you ever dare spank me again," she yelled at him and ran to the door clutching her panties and



jeans in her hands. He stood and watched her go. As she slipped through the door he saw with satisfaction that the pattern of the carpet beater was clearly marked in layers upon her buttocks.

She fled through the hall and up the stairs in tears. She could think of nothing but the wild blazing pain covering the whole of her backside. She ran across the landing and seeing the spare room decided to seek refuge in it. Once inside, she pushed a chest of drawers against the door and flung herself down on the bed. Then she slapped a hand to each buttock and in the sanctuary of the room let the tears flow, kicking the bed furiously in frustration at her humiliation.

She had no idea how long she stayed on the bed, there was no clock in the room, but it must have been over an hour, possibly two. Gradually the tears began to slow and the fierce flames licking her bottom cooled to a throbbing glow. The embers were still red hot to the touch but the fire was no longer raging with such intensity.

She was still too shocked to comprehend what had happened or how it had happened. She could not understand how she could have allowed herself to be punished. George had acted so quickly, she had been completely caught off her guard. He had never ordered her about like that before. She had been feeling so pleased with herself for finally buying the carpet. Then George had come in with the carpet beater.

Where the hell had he got that from? She had never seen it before. He had just caught her off balance and he had been so strong, pulling down her jeans, then her panties, ordering her over the armchair, the unbearable agony of each stroke.

She relived the spanking over and over again in her mind and questions began to nag at her. Why had she surrendered so easily? Why hadn't she stood up to him. Why had she remained bent over the armchair while he thrashed her? Why didn't she hate him?

The questions kept returning over and over again but she could find no answers. Eventually, she fell asleep in her tee shirt on top of the bed. When she awoke in the morning she wondered for a moment where she was, her mind was so disorientated. Then she remembered the spanking and the events of the Saturday came flooding back to her. But she still could not believe she had been beaten. It was like a dream. It was just too fantastic, too extraordinary to take in. Yet when she examined her bottom in the mirror, the proof was all too plain to see.

The patterns of the carpet beater were clearly marked on her sore cheeks. She only had to touch them to know how real they were.

Now she was faced with a dilemma. The room had become a sanctuary for her but she had to go to the bathroom. She could hear George moving about downstairs and she listened intently. Gently, she eased the drawers away from the door and opened it.

She realised she had become a prisoner in her own home. It reminded her of games she used to play as a litle girl when she imagined herself to be a princess locked up in the castle of an evil baron who was going to force her to marry him. Always in her childhood dreams a good knight would shin up a drainpipe to rescue her. But that was fantasy. This was reality and there was no knight to come to her rescue now. She was also painfully aware that her imprisonment was of her own making. She had behaved like a teenager spanked for staying out too late at night who had gone upstairs to sulk.

She knew what she should do - she should go downstairs immediately and confront George and tell him never to spank her again. But she simply did not have the courage. Nobody had ever treated her like this before and she did not know how to handle it. How do you ask someone not to spank you? What if he just laughed at her, or even worse ignored her? What if he got the carpet beater out again and ordered her to bend over the arm-

chair like before.

She heard George start up the motor mower in the back garden. She stood up and watched him from behind the curtain. It gave her an odd feeling seeing him walking up and down the lawn. His features were familiar yet he was almost a stranger to her. She wanted to feel anger toward him but she couldn't find any. She had always teased him about the way he plodded up and down the garden with the mower now he seemed quietly resolute and determined making a neat pattern of straight stripes. She remembered the skillful way he had spanked her. His aim had been extremely accurate. Every stroke was made to count. And suddenly she tensed as she remembered his words shortly before he beat her. He said he was going to punish her EVERY DAY until she learnt her lesson. She stepped back from the curtain out of sight. George NEVER cut the lawn on a Sunday morning. He must be clearing the afternoon making some time for himself so he could spank her again. She suddenly felt weak and unsteady.

She sat back on the bed drawing her knees up to her chin.

She would hear his footsteps on the stairs and then a knock on her door She would tell him to go away so he would put his shoulder against the door and push it open. He would stand in the middle of the room and order her to lie face down along the bed and grip the rails with her arms. She would plead and protest, twisting and turning, but he would ignore her protests.

Then he would slip off his belt and.... *No!*

It was impossible. She could not let it happen. She had to confront him.

She waited for him to finish mowing and come into the house. Then, taking a deep breath to calm her nerves, she stepped from the sanctuary of her room and made her way silently down the stairs, her knees shaking with every step.

George was in the kitchen. She had rehearsed what she wanted to say. She knew she should be angry with him but she was prepared to forgive him if he promised not to spank her again. He was standing by the sink.

"George, about the spanking. I think we should talk about it."

"Ah you're up at last. I thought you were going to sulk up there all day."

"I wasn't sulking," she protested. "You spanked me, remember?

"Only a few taps"

"A few taps! It hurt. I've still got the marks."

She turned her back to him thrusting out her bottom and pulled her panties aside to show him her patterned buttocks.

He looked almost pleased with himself as he admired his handiwork. "Well, you deserved it," he said.

"George!" she exclaimed in exasperation. But before she could say more he stepped forward and grasped her in his arms.

He pressed his lips to hers. She was swept aside by the tide of his passion, his whole body engulfed her. Once again, just like the spanking, she seemed helpless before his new found assurance. Her challenge seemed to melt away as she responded to his caresses. He turned her round and bent her over the kitchen table pulling her long tee shirt up to her waist. He slipped her panties down. There were some wooden spoons on the table in a jar. She saw him select one. It was happening so quickly again yet at the same time, because she knew what was going to happen this time everything seemed in slow motion. She lay motionless on the table as he moved her t-shirt higher up her back and pressed his hand gently but firmly down on her shoulders keeping her in position.

He spanked her with short sharp taps in rapid succession all over her bottom. She moaned and squirmed. The table was covered in flour which lifted in a light cloud and began settling on her. Then he stopped as suddenly as he had begun. She heard him unzipping himself then he thrust into her. She was ready for him.

Afterwards he opened a bottle of sparkling wine he had been cooling in the fridge and they took it into the lounge where they lay on the rug.

As he kissed her neck she asked him: "George where did you get the carpet beater from?"

"From the jumble shop in the precinct," he said lifting her silky black hair to kiss the nape of her neck.

"When did you decide to use it?" she asked.

"I didn't really. I knew you were going to buy the carpet and I was livid. I went for a walk and saw the beater in the shop and just bought it on the spur of the moment. I just kept telling myself you deserved a bloody good hiding but I had no serious intention of giving you one. It just made me feel good to imagine thrashing you. Then when I saw the receipt on the kitchen table, I thought: What the hell, you deserve it. But even then I was only going to threaten you with it. I couldn't believe it when you bent over so meekly."

"What do you mean?," she cried.

He laughed. "Not only did you submit, you virtually volunteered. I kept waiting for you to get up and run off. When you stayed bent over the chair I looked at you pushing your lovely buttocks up at me so sweetly on top of those long legs of yours and I thought: "Right, if that's what you want young lady, let's get on with it"

She rolled onto her front, still gripping the bed rail above her. He took two pillows from the bed and slipped them under her hips until she was almost kneeling, her bottom pushed up.

She lay face down on the rug, her head resting on her arms trying to remember every detail of the spanking as George gently kissed her back and bottom. She kept running it through her mind over and over again. She knew George was right. She had submitted. But why?

He turned her over and they made love long and langorously on the soft white fur of the rug slowly drawing each other to their pleasure. They had not enjoyed sex like this since the first days of their marriage.

Afterwards, when they had finished the bottle, he picked her up and carried her upstairs to the bedroom. He laid her down on her back on the bed and almost immediately his fingers began exploring her again. She lifted her arms gripping the bed rail above her head letting him take his pleasure from her. His tongue licked her breasts, her navel and lower. She drew up knees and held his head between her thighs.

Then she saw he had a slipper in his hand. The hard leather soled slipper she had given him for Christmas. He was kneeling up on the bed. "Turn over," he said quietly but with an authority and confidence she had not seen in him for years.

"Yes master," she smiled .

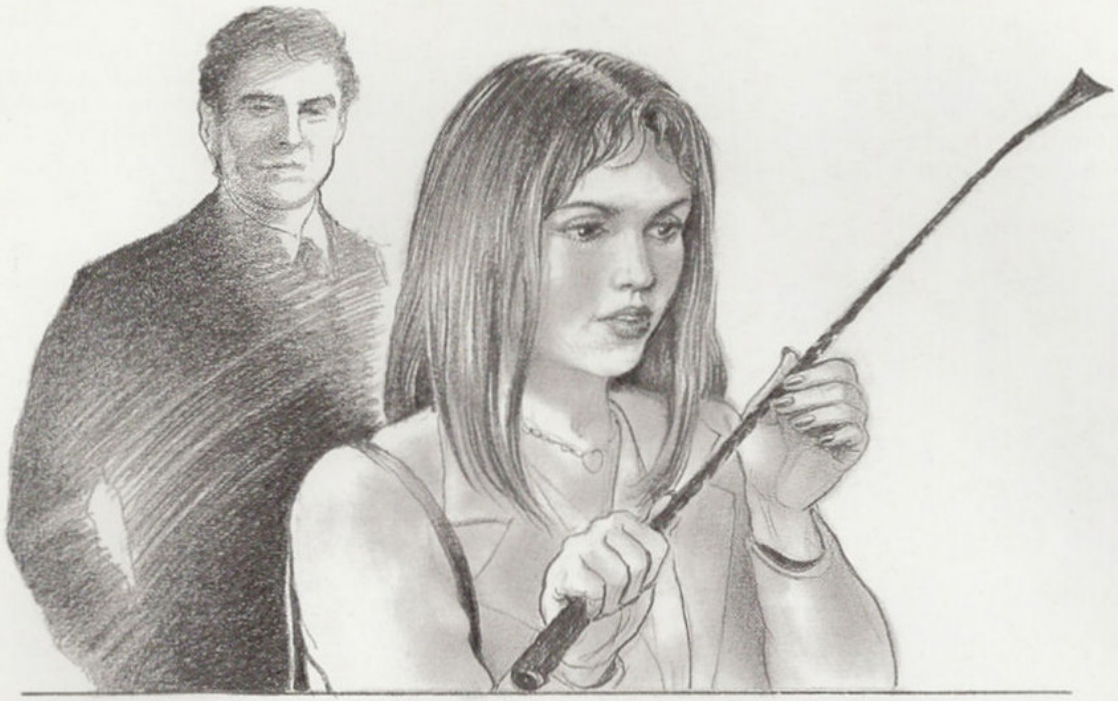
She rolled onto her front, still gripping the bed rail above her. He took two pillows from the bed and slipped them under her hips until she was almost kneeling, her bottom pushed up. He gently caressed each cheek of her buttocks in turn and then knelt forward kissing them softly. The man she married seemed to be returning to her. She felt a delicious tingling anticipation as she waited to be spanked again. This time there was no hurry. He could take as long as he liked.

✣

Later, they rested side by side in each other's arms, her tingling, slippered bottom tucked comfortably into his hips, his arms cradling her. They lay quietly together, breathing in rhythm with each other.

In the darkness she said: "George, you can spank me any time you like you know."

"I know," he said. ❑



The MOMENT

by
Tim Starfield

This is it.

This is the moment.

Even as I write this, weeks later, it is etched into my mind as if it were yesterday. No, today. Now.

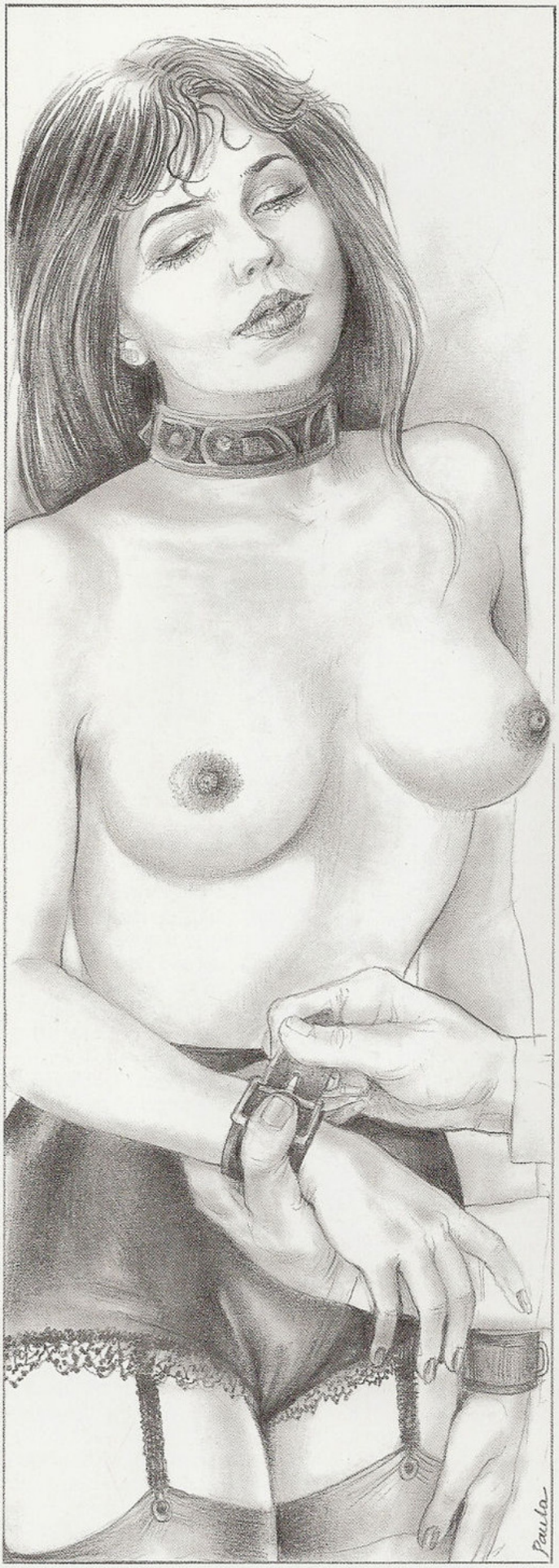
Five minutes ago you shrugged off the white towelling robe and stood before me, self-conscious, yet proud, almost defiant, in the black silk french knickers, black silk garter-belt, and black silk stockings that we we bought on our morning shopping trip to the plush, snooty department store. This morning. You enjoyed the expedition - you were silent, but your eyes shone and your breath was shallow while you were choosing these luxury items of lingerie, letting me pay for them, letting all the world (or at, least, those nose-in-air shop assistants) think that you were some kind of high-class tart who allowed strange men to buy her clothes like these all the time. Well you're not, and you don't, but by God you look wonderful in your unaccustomed finery. (Although I *am* a strange man. You taught me that.) And the shoes, yes, the controversial shoes with the "ridiculously high" heels that you swore you'd never be able to stand up in, let alone walk! yes, they look wonderful too. And they suit you, more than you'll ever realise, perhaps.

Except I think you *do* realise. There's a look on your face, a glow. Maybe it's from the shower, that has left your long hair glossy and wet, and little globules of moisture all over your naked upper body. Maybe that's why your nipples are taut, erect, and the pulse in your neck is beating a samba. But I think you know that you stand before me as the living embodiment of pure sex, and as I stand and gaze at this new you in wonderment (like some dumb Greek fisherman staring as Venus rises nude from the wine-dark sea), a new look comes into your eyes. A look that says, come to me now, hold me, hug me, caress me, stroke me, make love to me now, right now. Aren't I sexy? Don't you want me? Take me, right here, and let's forget all this nonsense.

Except it isn't nonsense.

It's what we both want. What we discussed. What we decided. And to abandon the plan now, although the easiest thing in the world, for me just as much as for you, would be the coward's way out. Defeat. A cop-out. Disillusioning and disappointing.

Because we bought something else in that toffee-nosed department store, didn't we? In the Sports Department on the top floor, among the saddles, the helmets, the bits, the braces, the tackle, you chose something else. Didn't you? You chose it, and you paid for it. You didn't; tell the girl at the till what it was for. Or that you've never ridden a horse in your life and don't intend to start now. But I was watching from behind a row of tennis rackets, and from the way you were blushing as she wrapped it and gave you change, I think she got a pretty good idea of what was going to happen once you'd carried it away, holding it gingerly, as though it were going to give you an electric



shock. As though it were your own personal cross of Calvary.

It's here in my hand now.

A thin, whippy, springy, black leather riding crop. A perfectly ordinary household object. Thousands of people have them in their homes, hanging in the hall or the utility room. Pony-mad schoolgirls, retired red-faced Majors who ride to hounds twice a year. Perhaps some people keep one in the bedroom.

But you keep yours in your mind, don't you? And it's been there for years, behind half-closed eyes as you sunbathe by a holiday pool, or swelter to work on a crowded Tube, always there, always in your dreams.

And it's here in my hand, now. And as I give a couple of tentative swish-whooshes with it your expression changes again, from siren to almost pouty little girl, silently pleading. An I-can't-believe-I've-let-myself-fall-into-the-hands-of-the-Nasty-man look. A rescue-me look.

But you wanted the Nasty-man. You invented him. Oh, maybe he was there all along, secretly, deep inside me. But you called to him, brought him up from the depths, conjured him into existence. *You* put him here, in front of you, now, with a whip in his hand.

And now I see that I must be strong for both of us. I must steel myself to this, have the courage to carry it through. This is my cue to lead, to act. From here on in I am in control, you can only follow, only obey.

Quickly, as arranged, I take the collar-and-cuffs I bought especially for today, and cinch the leather strap around your neck. Not too tight? I am dying to ask, but must not. We have been silent now for some hours, already it seems like years. To speak now would break the spell. Besides, the Nasty-man doesn't ask damn-fool questions. I fit the cuffs around one wrist, and then the other. My hands are trembling, but I must and will control it, determined not to let you see how nervous I too am. Not to show you how even now I am in awe of you, for letting me do this, for wanting me to do this. Now the gag. This too we agreed on, for even though this is a swanky hotel, the walls are paper thin and any unusual cries or yelps in the middle of a June afternoon could lead to unwelcome intrusions. The gag, another special purchase for today, goes on smoothly, because we have rehearsed this, and as I tighten the buckle behind your head I catch the relief in your eyes. We have picked up our cues and both played our parts to perfection. So far.

Now you stand before me, slave. Mine to play with, to command, to tease ... I run my hands over your marvellous breasts, feeling their gentle weight, their satiny smoothness. I stoop to kiss your swollen aureoles, flicking your engorged nipples with my tongue. There is a grunt, an 'Innnnngh" from behind the gag, which would be a full-throated gasp of pleasure if your mouth were free. Your head tilts back, your clean soft neck bisected by a harsh line of black leather. Your pupils are dilated. I guess mine are too - we are both breathing faster. But I will take my time, caressing and stroking the whole of your beautiful body, drinking in the musk of your arousal, fingertips alive to the almost electric tingle of your skin. Slowly I unpeel the silken french knickers from your waist and ease them down your long elegant legs, kissing each ivory-white thigh and gently kneading each silk-stockinged calf. One foot at a time, you step daintily from the flimsy garment. You're balancing terribly well on those heels. You must have been practising.

I stand back. Your body is stretched like a bowstring, full of tension. The image of the slave/whore is complete - the milk-whiteness of your nakedness offset perfectly by the black of shoes, stockings, suspenders, the black of the leather choker, and the dark black triangle of your pubic hair. You are truly beautiful, a vision.

And I am suddenly empowered. Suddenly I am the Master. Picking up the crop I bring it down twice, rapidly, hard, onto the red leather cushion of the Chesterfield armchair. Your eyes widen. Suddenly there is terror in them - for even on the tough chair leather the whip has left, visible weals, two sleek furrows. Suddenly the penny drops. This is no longer fantasy, this is reality. This, what you wanted, what you dreamed, what you planned, this is going to happen, and it is going to happen *now*, and it is going to hurt. You know that you can stop this at any time, and while you choose not to, it is with an effort of will, for your eyes betray you. There is pleading there, there is defiance, there is lust, and there is pure fear.

But of course we are unstoppable. We have found the "on" switch deep within our relationship, and nothing now can turn it off. I am becoming more masterful, stronger, more Nasty-man by the second. I point; with the crop toward the chair, and with a mute despairing backward glance you kneel, first one knee, then the other, on the seat, which sighs and sags. Gently you bend forward, lower your head until you are draped across the back of the chair. With a little shudder as your naked breasts make contact, with the cold leather. Slowly you shuffle your knees slightly apart. The picture we both painted in our imaginations, so many times is finally come to life before me.

For maybe a minute you are still. Half-kneeling, half-lying there, unmoving, inert. The crop is in my hand, but I too remain motionless.

And then ... and this, is this why I love you, love you oh so much? ... there is an almost imperceptible shift, a hardly-detectable movement. Slowly, silently of course, but the gesture itself speaks volumes, you are pushing your beautiful bottom out, towards me, towards the whippy rod. With a supreme effort of self-control, in spite of your fear, your helplessness, the awfulness of your situation, you are willing the beautiful, white, unmarked half-moons of your bottom to reach out, and embrace the punishment, take the pain that is coming. You yourself are willing the sacrifice, inviting the ordeal. Gently, but firmly, not impudently, not reprovingly, you are giving me my cue to respond, to complete the circle. This tiny movement is an act not of bravado, but of courage, of pure self surrender. Of pure submission.

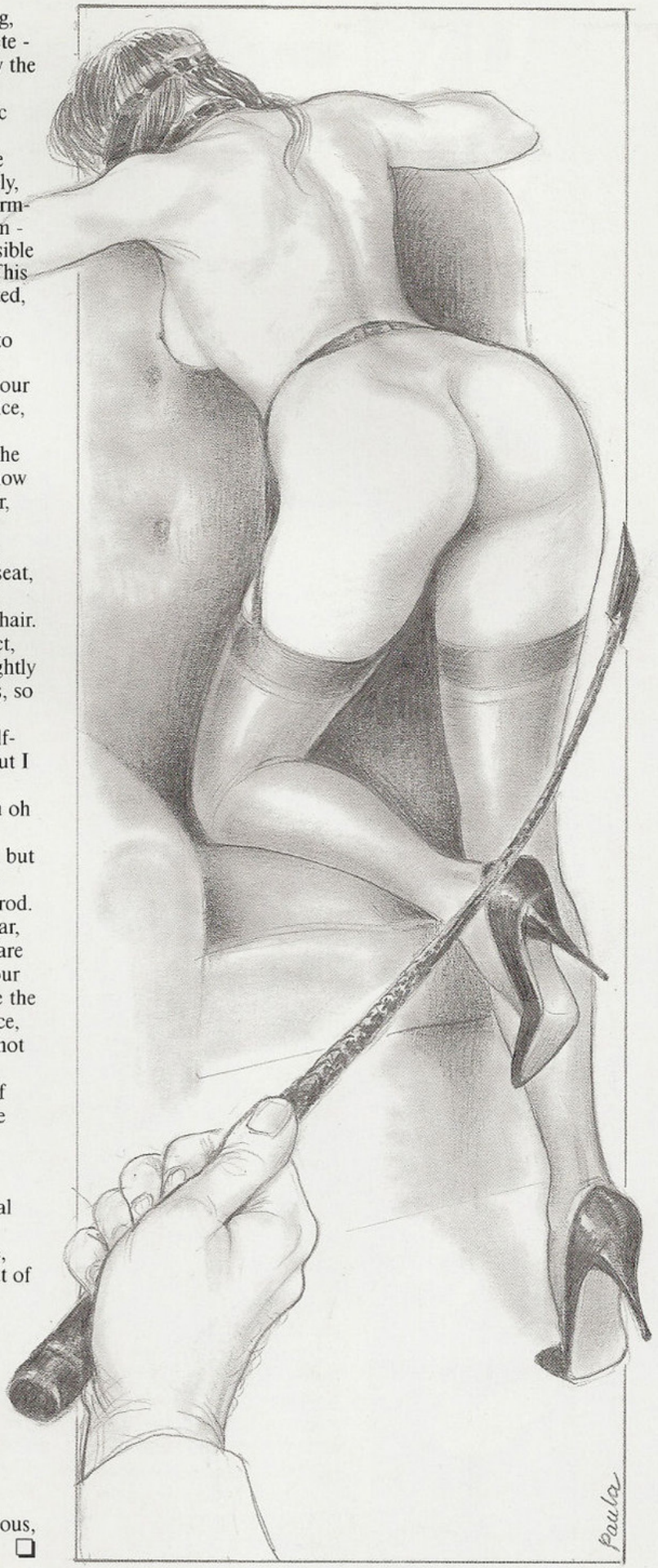
This is it.

This is the moment.

This is the moment that will last for ever. The eternal moment, etched upon my brain, for ever to haunt my waking and my sleeping hours. The moment makes me, me, and you, you, that defines us - They say "in the heat of the moment", and sure enough, there is heat before it and certainly after it, but for me the moment is icy cold. Icy cold, and crystal clear. All of us is in this moment; all the love, all the sex, all the joy, all the pain, all the tears. All of our dreams, our future, and our past. An invisible destiny, waiting to be fulfilled.

This is our moment.

I raise the crop high, draw it back, and with a vicious, hissing, SWISH - WHOOOSH.... ❑



Club Scene

The Christmas Thrash

As Christmas hovers on the horizon once more, one of our *Februs* contributors recalls a highly unusual festive occasion.

When Paula suggested I write a factual report on the goings-on at a hands-on spankers' club, I must admit I was unsure whether it would work. Would anyone believe it? I know I would never have credited such things could take place in Britain's respectable suburbs. Would anyone be interested? Fantasy is often ten times better than reality, and fantasy is what I usually write. Nevertheless, I decided to give it a try, if only on the off-chance some other frustrated soul may be encouraged to seek out fulfilment as I did when I saw the advertisement. I will just say at the outset, every word of the following account is true. For obvious reasons no names can be used, but this story is about real people, who really did these things, and continue to do them to this day.

"Club for hands-on spankers. Meetings all over the Home Counties" it read. I was a little sceptical to say the least - who would actually go to the extent of setting up such a club, if not for financial gain? It would surely be beyond my price range, even if it did turn out to be kosher. The truth was exactly the opposite. Yes it does cost money to join and to attend the parties, but no more than it costs to run the club and set up the events, it does not make a profit. Parties are run by enthusiasts for enthusiasts, and once you get to know the men and women in the group there's a genuine feeling of 'family-' After all, nothing brings people together like a shared interest!

But I am getting ahead of myself. I applied to join last November. No-one is accepted immediately, simply because you are prepared to part with the membership fee. I was checked out first, by means of a 'phone call, to establish exactly who I was and why I wanted to join. When the organizers were happy about my credentials I was allowed to send my membership fee of fifteen pounds to the club's box number. The rules were also made clear to me - the parties were always under the direction of at least one committee member, strong drinks were not allowed, and the limits the girls set for their own beatings were to be strictly observed.

As it happened it was a few weeks before Christmas, and there were still spaces at the Christmas party (or "thrash," as the Club liked to call it!). I was invited along, all that was needed was a deposit of thirty pounds, the other fifty-five payable on the night. Having gone so far I was not going to back out now - I accepted.

Time passed, and I duly received my official invitation, which contained a map showing where the party was to be held, a private house in a village in Surrey. A secluded village I hoped, and when the great day came and I arrived at the appointed place and hour, it turned out to be so. There was even a bunch of balloons tied to the gatepost to help new arrivals find their way.

I must admit to some nerves - well, actually quite a few as I walked up to the door, but the reception I got soon dispelled them. My hosts were friendly and hospitable, taking my coat and supplying me with a drink before sending me in to join the rest of the crowd.

The crowd I found in the living room, about a dozen of them. Some were chatting, others watching the TV, on which flickered a CP video. My attention was taken by a very attractive blonde girl in the centre of the room. She was perched on the edge of a coffee table, a cigarette in one hand and a glass in the other, talking pleasantly to those in the group who obviously knew her. Aside from her beauty, what also held the room's general attention was her attire - from head to toe she was every inch the perfect French Maid, even down to the feather duster hanging from her waist.

As my gaze shifted from the TV screen to her it soon became apparent she was not only one of the stars of the party, she also featured in the video. I never quite caught up with the storyline, such as it was, but the end result involved she and another young lady, both dressed in classic 'schoolgirl' outfits, receiving a sound spanking and particularly strong caning. She seemed to enjoy watching herself as much as the men enjoyed this preparatory piece of action.

Gradually the room was filled. I began chatting to another chap, also a first-timer, although he told me he had visited shows before, but had never been to a hands-on meeting and was eagerly awaiting tonight. Well, with willing victims like our French Maid to hand, who could blame him? We had already taken due note of the collection of canes, tawses, paddles and the rather large gym shoe sitting in a pile next to the fireplace.

When all had arrived we were called to order by our chairman. There were about eighteen of us, a particularly large gathering. Meetings are usually limited to between six

J.P. Reports

and twelve men, with two or three girls accordingly. Since this was the 'Christmas Thrash,' the highlight of the year, a larger party had been arranged, with around a dozen girls. They were brought in to be introduced to the group, all very attractive, and all, with the exception of the French Maid, wearing the traditional 'school' uniform of striped ties, white blouses and short gym slips.

Plans for the evening were sketched out for us by our leader. Being a Christmas party, the scenarios would take the form of traditional games - with a few slight differences!

The first of these was musical chairs. The girls played it in the traditional way, up to the point when the music stopped. Then - yes, you've guessed it - the one left standing was taken over the knee of a gentleman and given a firm hand spanking. Since this was only by way of a warm-up, both for the girls and the members, these punishments were not particularly severe. They were, however, hard enough to produce plenty of "oohs" and "aahs," as well as the obvious satisfaction reflected in the men's faces. One girl I felt particularly sorry for was a Swedish visitor to this Country, who had been persuaded to take part this evening by some friends. Whether spanking is common in Scandinavia, I do not know, but musical chairs certainly is not. She was of course the first to be punished!

Because of the male-female ratio, I did not get to participate in this game, the Chairman deciding to use some of the more senior members to hand out the early smackings so as to break the ice. I broke my duck, so to speak, when we moved onto the next game - apple bobbing. OK, so it's normally played at Halloween, but the Committee just could not resist the idea of several beautiful girls in short skirts bending helplessly over buckets, desperately trying to pick up apples with their teeth, while behind each a man gives a few encouraging slaps. They played the game in groups of three, the rules were the first to pull out two apples escaped a further spanking. However, it took them all so long to complete this simple task (possibly something to do with the 'encouragement' they were getting) it was decided to punish them all anyway. So over went the first three for a simultaneous session, another hand spanking but this time somewhat harder than before. The room was filled with the glorious sounds of flesh meeting flesh and the cries of distress from three lovely girls. And it was quite a sight, watching three already-darkened bottoms turning a shade redder as they were smacked ruthlessly for several minutes.

I finally got to join in on the second round. I soon discovered you can't smack a girl very hard when she has her head in a bucket of water, even if the risk of drowning is slight! My brunette partner did not do terribly well, and so it was with a heavy heart I deemed it necessary to pull her over my lap, raise her skirt and lower her knickers, with, I must admit, slightly trembling fingers, to reveal a wonderful pair of hemispheres. I cannot claim to be an expert spanker today, and that is after several further meetings' practice. So back at this point, with my last experience of practical CP being a very muted session with a girlfriend at university

(college bedrooms have very thin walls), and that six and a half years previously, I was not expecting to be able to hand out anything like the punishment I had witnessed from some of the other members already. To be honest, I just whacked her, taking care to cover as wide an area of my victim's bottom as possible. I was encouraged by the sights and sounds of my two fellow spankers, one of whom was the other first-timer I had been chatting to at the outset, who were dealing with the remaining two ladies in no uncertain terms. I did not find having an audience off-putting, as I thought I might - in fact, since it was an appreciative and encouraging group it actually helped, and soon I was slapping away with relish. I had even forgotten how sore spanking a female bottom can make your hand!

A halt to all three punishments was finally called by our Chairman (just as well - I had no idea of spanking etiquette, and when it was considered polite to stop), but my efforts seem to have been appreciated. As she stood up and rearranged her clothes, my 'victim' kissed me and whispered "fantastic!"

At this point it was decided a break for refreshments, and to let the girls recover, was in order. I chatted to some of my new friends, including the young lady who's bottom I had just roasted. It seemed she was also new to the sport, having recently decided to give in to the masochistic urges she had been trying to keep down all her life. "It's funny" she told me, "you spend half your life fighting for feminism, when all the time THIS is what you really want!" And that is the paradox of this scene - the most submissive women offering themselves for correction are often in real life the most assertive and in-control. I can honestly say not one of the ladies I've spanked has ever been what you would call a shrinking violet.

But to return to that particular evening. The next game was an ingenious version of pass-the-parcel. Inside each wrapper was a piece of paper detailing a punishment, which implement was to be used and how many strokes. It turned out to be a very effective way of introducing the tools, with the punishments getting more severe as each layer came off. The unlucky girls went through two strokes of the slipper, then to three, four, five and six strokes, then the tawse was brought into play in the same way. When the last piece of paper was removed it revealed a tea caddy. The diminutive blonde who had 'won' it was told to look inside, and found a final note - "three strokes with the cane" it said! With a pout she lifted what there was of her skirt and lowered her knickers, then bent over the chair that had been placed in the centre of the circle of girls, and where they had all gone to receive their punishments. The member chosen to hand out the caning selected his weapon from the number available, took his place to her left, raised the rod and brought it down with a satisfying swish and thwack. The recipient jumped and shrieked but did not try to escape, and remained firmly in place for another two, earning herself a round of applause from the entire room.

Another break was called and then I joined a smaller group in a side room. Some of you may remember a parlour game called 'Twister' from the Seventies. For those who do not, it consists of a large plastic sheet covered in rows of dots, each row a different colour. A circular pointer is swung which indicates a colour, hand or foot and left or right. The contestants then have to place the correct limb on a dot of that colour. This was supposed to be a harmless family game, but became something a lot more novel the way we interpreted it. Of course, the girls (three of them to be exact) were the ones contorting themselves on the floor, while their partners gave them similar assistance to that they had received during the apple bobbing. Despite this distraction the girls did well to keep their balance for a long time, but eventually the whole twisted sea of female flesh had to come crashing down. The first to fall, and therefore the one deemed responsible, was handed over to her partner for whatever punishment he deemed fit. Placed over a hurdle thoughtfully provided at the other end of the room, he carried out his sentence of six with the gym shoe, and six real beauties they were too, the flat sole spreading it's pattern across her broad buttocks (the same buttocks I had dealt with after the apple bobbing).

And it did not end there for this unfortunate lady. The rules stated that, as she had been the first to fall, she would also be dealt with by the girl who was the last to keep her balance. To decide who this would be, another round was played, and this time my partner, our Swedish friend, was the unlucky loser. Doubling her over the hurdle, I raised her gymslip and lowered her sky blue panties, then delivered five strokes of the tawse. This was the first time I had used the implement and I found it surprisingly easy and effective, something the statuesque blonde on the receiving end could certainly vouch for.

Standing and rubbing her sore bottom, she was replaced by the brunette. The winner, it turned out, was the blonde who had drawn the final caning in pass-the-parcel. Although she said it was "not in her nature" to hit someone, she played the game and gave the other woman three good cracks with a short leather paddle. We returned to the main party, all agreeing the Twister idea had been one of the evening's best.

From then on it became a bit of a free-for-all, with men taking the available girls over their laps as the whim took them, then swapping to compare targets. There were highlights, such as the French Maid being enthusiastically spanked by two of the other girls (revenge, it turned out, for a particularly severe beating she had handed out to both at an earlier party), and one of the girl's who was new to the scene apprehensively bending over for her first ever caning (the rush to console her afterwards was something to see). I made sure by the end of the night I had tanned every hide, from blondes to brunettes to redheads, and even a black girl. To outsiders spanking must sometimes seem a bit repetitive, with similar costumes and scenarios for each fantasy, but the difference in bottoms, the way they shake when they are hit, the way they mark, the reactions of each girl - the variety which I discovered that night still never ceases to amaze me. No two punishments are ever the same.

The finale centred around the arrival of Santa Claus (well, it was that time of year), who took each girl OVER his knee, rather than on it, and gave them a seasonal belting, before they were passed round the rest of the group for more of the same, a fitting end to a very satisfying evening. I left as the party broke up around midnight, and as I said goodbye to the French Maid I asked if she would be at any future meetings. "Oh yes" she answered, "I'm on the Committee - I have to think up the ideas for most of them, the men really have no originality when it comes to punishing girls."

Women really are the creative sex! ❑

Paula's Letterbox

The Reader's Letters in publications of this kind are a very important feature so please send me lots and lots. There is one small point which may be worth mentioning here since one of our team of writers did mention it a trifle mournfully to me at one of our editorial conferences and that is that illustrations and photographs receive skads of praise, which is lovely for me as the illustrator and gratifying for the photographers and models; But while the girl on page ten or the illustration on page twenty are noticed, never are mentioned the stories or the articles and we do need some guidance on those too. Authors, not unnaturally, like to know if their ideas and characters are pleasing too.

Paula

Doctor Feelgood

May I commend you on *Februs 2* - 'Only self to please' was a really good photo-fantasy. I feel that a young lady when receiving the tawse or cane should strip naked for her punishment as it thrills and dismays her at the same time. She must part her legs for her punishment and it was good to see the young lady opening her legs fully and showing her sex when receiving her punishment - that demonstrates her submission.

In *Februs 1* you ran a story about a young lady being punished by her Doctor - could you do a photo fantasy on this theme sometime: I would like a young girl about 20 years old visiting her female GP who is only a few years older than herself. She tells the Doctor she has been having boyfriend problems and feels a bit depressed so could she prescribe some pills. The Doctor replies she is not keen to dish out pills but may have another remedy for her to consider. The Doctor states she has helped a number of young women to cope better by helping them to realise the benefits of a good spanking - it releases tensions and anxiety. The young girl says it might help but who could she ask to spank her. The Doctor says she can see her after surgery hours when they will be totally alone. She promises the spanking will make her feel much better. Her only condition is she must do as she is told and not question her instructions.

At the appointed time the Doctor takes the young girl into her surgery and asks if she wants to go ahead with the spanking. On saying yes the Doctor asks her to remove her short skirt and drape herself across her lap. Pulling her skimpy knickers up tight to reveal her buttocks the Doctor begins to spank her until her bottom is a nice shade of pink. The Doctor then tells her to get up and remove her knickers and then takes a tawse out of her desk drawer. This will hurt a bit more than the hand spanking she tells the young girl. After getting the girl to clasp her ankles she proceeds to tawse the girl's buttocks and ignores her cries to stop until her bottom is a darker shade of red. The Doctor then allows the girl to rub her bottom and regain her composure. Despite her youth the girl has applied make-up to her face and her tears have caused this to run. The Doctor leads her to a large mirror and tells her to look at herself - you need discipline young lady she says, not makeup.

Still rubbing her bottom the girl hears the Doctor say," I have not finished your course of treatment - please remove your top." On doing this the young girl's well developed breasts are revealed as she is not wearing a bra. The Doctor then tells the girl to put her hands behind her head and begins to tweak her nipples and caress her big breasts making the girl moan with pleasure.

'My, you are getting turned on!" says the Doctor to the aroused girl. After this breast stimulation the Doctor makes the girl run on the spot until sweat begins to run down her body. The girl also gets her bottom spanked if the Doctor feels she is not putting enough energy into this physical exercise. After letting the girl regain her breath the Doctor tells her to kneel on the arms of a comfortable chair and push her bottom out to receive six strokes of the cane. The Doctor makes her count out aloud the strokes of the cane on her upraised buttocks. After the caning the young girl, sobbing, thanks the Doctor for discplining her - she needed it and in future would be less selfish and do what her boyfriend wanted.

"That is good to hear," says the Doctor before leading the girl to the examining couch. On getting her to lie on the couch the Doctor puts her feet into the stirrups and produces a dildo and ensures this young lady has a satisfying climax.

All the best for Februs!

M. S. F. Leeds.

78 and counting!

What a joy it is to find an adult magazine that understands its readers so well! Sensitive illustrations, explicit photographs, well-written stories and believable letters.

I have been actively involved in 'disciplinary activities' since puberty and I am now approaching my seventy-eighth birthday. I cannot recall a time when I did not instinctively want to either receive or administer a severe caning when involved with an attractive partner. Over the years I have collected a vast range of material, some good, most dreadful and, occasionally, an odd gem of excellence.

In the fifties, there were those paperback books with yellow bindings, apparently academic and respectable but only available from 'adult' bookstores. Whilst professing a psychological or sociological perspective (with moral overtones), they contained detailed anecdotes designed to arouse. Several were devoted to spanking and fetishism and I believe many are now collectors' items. Obviously, these volumes relied on readers having a reasonable standard of literacy and an inclination to read long tracts before finding the central paragraphs of real interest. For the less academically-inclined, there were some very garish magazines in different formats, the most reliable of which were imported and had to be asked for euphemistically before being produced from under the counter and concealed in brown paper bags.

The sixties saw an improvement in the standard of home-grown magazines. They became more explicit, more available and, curiously, more respectable. Flower Power and its associated movements brought about a very liberal attitude for a while and although I was too old for many of the activities of the time, I greatly appreciated the new crop of sex shops that sprang up.

The number of titles available for spanking enthusiasts grew rapidly, some only lasting for a few issues whilst others continued to respond to changing attitudes and legislation and have survived to the present day. Most notable amongst these, of course, has been Janus. I have a huge collection going back to the early 'Mentor' days and it is fascinating to see the way the magazine has evolved. Always tasteful; always legal yet unswervingly explicit and exciting. I have other magazines from this period, but Janus has always been the best.

Which brings us to the present and the birth of Februs. I shall probably not be around to write in twenty years or so to describe the way my collection has grown, but I am certain that together Janus and Februs will continue to lead the field.

A. J. B.
Accrington, Lancs.

Thoroughly Modern Millie

I have always been fascinated by the mixed emotions a session of corporal punishment generates. All my experiences have been as an adult, so this may have affected my views. I have no stories to relate about strict adults in my childhood, witnessing a neighbour's child being chastised or or being coerced into submission as a juvenile offender.

My introduction came by chance when a fellow worker accidentally left a magazine lying in the staff room when I was in my twenties. It gave me ideas and I introduced some light spanking into foreplay with my then girlfriend. Gradually my confidence and competence grew and spanking became a major erotic activity for me.

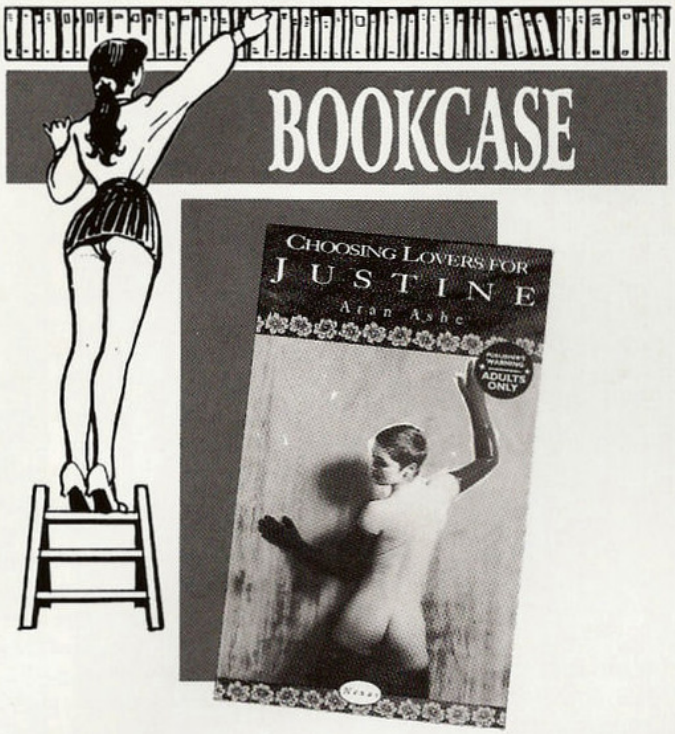
I love seducing a woman who has not experienced discipline before and overcoming her caution (or even revulsion), slowly expanding our repertoire so that she is curious, willing, eager - but always a little afraid. I enjoy building and sharing the sense of trust that grows between us. Most particularly, I like controlling the changes in mood and demeanour that my partners undergo when I deal with them.

It was particularly fascinating for me to watch another couple go through this process. I had known Henry for a couple of years after answering an ad in a contact magazine. We had shared several experiences at clubs and with mutual partners when, recently, I introduced him to my new girlfriend. I was still in the 'seduction phase' with her and told Henry I thought she might eventually become a very willing participant in our activities. He took me aside and said he knew Millie and had already caned her a couple of times, although he was going back a few years and apparently she did not recognise him. I was surprised, not to say angry and embarrassed, that she had deceived me into thinking she was inexperienced in such matters and felt she indeed deserved a punishment.

Henry and I arranged for the three of us to have dinner at his flat one evening. We all got along fairly well and after some ribald conversation and party games we persuaded Millie that Henry should give her a light caning. We treated it as a joke and did not mention her previous experiences. She stripped off willingly enough: there was no false modesty about the way she flaunted her athletic body, the skin pale but healthy, her auburn hair falling glossily over her shoulders. She made no attempt to cover the thick pubic thatch or conceal her full breasts. She simply stood, arms at her sides, staring confidently ahead into middle space. I sat on the sofa and observed.

Henry produced a cane from another room: long, thin and very pliable. Millie looked at it tentatively but made no comment and did not move from the spot. She flinched with apprehension as Henry stroked ber belly with the rod, gentle and non-threatening. He moved upwards, lightly touching the undersides of her ripe breasts, causing her to pull back ber shoulders and close her eyes drowsily. Stepping behind her, he continued to use the side of the cane to gently caress the slopes and planes of her back, arms, legs. She shuddered and made a little groaning noise.

Moving in front of her again, Henry introduced a flicking motion to his actions. Still there was no pain, just a slightly sharper feel to the stroking sensation. Millie swayed, moving towards the cane as it



Choosing Lovers for Justine, Aran Ashe. Nexus, 1993. (332 Ladbroke Grove, London W10 5AH). Justine is nineteen; Julia is her guardian, though harsher words might havc been used, for there are other girls in her care, under her control. Justine had an earlier mistress, at school, a mistress who kissed her, loved her, caned her, exposed her naked against high school windows, marking the glass with her secretions, who shamed her, loved her in front of others of the girls. A mistress who was discovered, a mistress now dead.

With Julia the masochism deepened, darkened, though at first it was just the smacking of her breasts that brought the sinking pleasure. For Philip she is caned, caned time and again on that narrow junction of thighs and buttocks, with pauses while he considers her rising excitement, 'caned in that same place until her legs would not stop shaking; then she was caned again for tears.'

For Celia, Justine's pain is for her beauty, the shame to take her innocence. A woman's pain, using men as witnesses perhaps, displaying her naked to them, but with the depths of pain taken in their absence. Long slappings inside the thighs, the belly drawn tightly up to open her flesh, plugged, distended behind, screaming finally in the contractions of orgasm.

It is Philip who fucks her though, and at that time in the month when other pains might have destroyed the pleasure, for another girl, rather than sharpening it. For Justine that endless sinking feeling, that agonising ecstasy came again as he used the thin black crop upon her in painful, yet satisfying conclusion to so brief a honeymoon.

There is more, so much more, taking Justine through torments that excite as much as they shame and hurt - and that have an originality about them that should nicely extend the minds of those who are expert with no more than the cane or strap. For myself this is a book that has kept me tense - to use a modest word - throughout. Superbly written, technically as original a text as any in my collection, a book I have read twice already, and shall certainly return to. One friend has enjoyed it, moistened to it, as she journeyed to work on the tube, and it will amuse Paula as much when she borrows it for her editorial considerations.

David Harrison

approached. Henry used the same technique over her rounded tummy, slightly increasing the speed but not the severity of the strokes. He told her to put ber hands on her head and when she did so, be flicked at her breasts, upwards on the heavy undersides, downwards on the pert top slopes towards the dark aureoles. He tapped her armpits, her arms, shoulders and back, delivering appreciably harder taps as he covered her bottom and thighs. When he reached her calves she jerked each away in turn and her frown and protesting gasp witnessed her apprehension.

The fronts of her thighs were assaulted again, a faint pink haze becoming visible. She flexed her muscles and did so at every stage of Henry's journey over the now familiar route. After three circuits her whole body was blushing but she had still not received a single 'proper' stroke from the cane. She was groaning and thrusting out her groin lewdly every time the rattan touched ber and when eventually Henry asked if she was ready to receive her punishment, she hissed 'yes' as though begging for it.

It was a different story when, finally, the first cut was delivered. As she stood with her hands on ber knees, body slightly bent forward, buttocks comfortably rounded, the cane bit into the prepared flesh with a distinctive, air-cutting whine and crack. Instinctively she shot upright, grasping her assaulted rear, fear and anger etched an her face.

'Get back in position or I'll double your dose,' Henry barked and Millie immediately obeyed with wondrous submission. Henry had her gradually stand with feet wider apart so that not only her bottom cheeks but the soft divide, her sex lips and inner thighs were also treated to the kiss of the now-vicious wand. Every time it landed she cried out in protest, pain and fear, yet she made no attempt to halt the proceedings.

After ten strokes Henry told her to stand upright and when he congratulated her on the way she had taken her punishment, she wept and kissed him in gratitude.

As I say, these changes are common to most spanking sessions, but it was intriguing to watch purely as an observer and I hope to repeat the experience very soon - and very often.

Yours sincerely
P. W. Leicester.

The Woman's Primitive Urge

Thank you so much for putting the 'real' woman's point of view about spanking.

For as long as I can remember I have been turned on by the idea of being spanked, caned and vigorously thrashed in dozens of ways. Not violently or cruelly - as I'm sure I don't need to explain to you! - but thoroughly and creatively (and in a situation of complete trust).

I never had a real spanking until I was nearly thirty but I had been fascinated by accounts in children's classics such as 'Jane Eyre' and 'Tom Brown's Schooldays' and the antics that led to canings and slipperings every week in my favourite comics.

I am not going to tell you of my own spanking experiences (although I will in another letter if you would like me to). I just wanted to write to confirm that being spanked is incredibly arousing and the need to be dealt with in this way is a kind of primitive urge. Nobody had to seduce me, I have never been forced to submit to treatment I considered humiliating or too harsh and all the men I have been spanked by have also performed satisfactorily in 'straight' sexual activities.

I don't know whether it is physical or emotional, but I think the instinct for spanking is stronger in women than in men.

I cannot remember a single encounter when I have not been the one to introduce the subject and set up suitable opportunities.

It is really refreshing to find a magazine with so many (obviously genuine) female contributors. I hope it means that there will be more women readers (or, more accurately, purchasers) because this is the only way that men and women are going to have a common ground for starting open discussions on the subject. I am convinced that when spanking is portrayed and regarded as something done by men to women it grossly distorts the truth of the matter and alienates many people who think their interest in such activities must be unhealthy.

Keep up the good work!

Susan S. Gwent.

Virgin Cane - any takers?

I found a copy of your magazine discarded on the InterCity train from Manchester to London a few weeks ago. I concealed it inside a respectable tabloid newspaper and read it throughout the journey, becoming both fascinated and aroused.

For various reasons, my business in the capital took less time than expected and I decided to visit the Janus Shop mentioned in your pages. I had no idea such places existed and bought several magazines (sadly not all of the same quality as your own) and a cane which the sales assistant obligingly coiled and wrapped to fit in my briefcase.

Although I have been sexually active for over ten years, I have never been involved in spanking activities and naively had no idea so many people shared this interest. I am still working my way through my purchases and have not had an opportunity to apply the cane to a willing backside yet. However, I am feeling daily more confident and plan to place a discreet advertisement in a suitable journal in the hope of soon losing my virginity in this area.

I shall feel obliged to write to you again should I have any interesting encounters. In the meantime, I cannot express my gratitude for opening up a whole new area of interest to me.

Yours faithfully,

'A Convert' Middlesex.

FROM OUR SCOTTISH CORRESPONDENT

Roy Tersley spotted this article in the Herald Sept 5th '94.

Delivering Pain is Quite an Art

One of the biggest news stories to hit the USA this year has been the caning of Michael Fay in Singapore for spray-painting a number of motorcars.

Sports Illustrated recently reported that a book has now appeared in that country explaining how every caner has his own stroke, in much the same way as do professional tennis and baseball players.

"There were those who twirled and those who took careful aim," the book says. "There were those who took three steps forward and those who stood absolutely still. Some played a serve and volley game and some preferred to play from the baseline; some used a lot of top spin, and others preferred a quick smash."

The book did not elaborate on which style the recipient preferred.

The Blonde Upstairs

I'd had considerable trouble with the girl upstairs, the young blonde to whom in a moment of weakness I'd let the studio flat directly above me. First of all it was noise, noisey music played at all hours not to mention the boys she brought back from time to time, quite against the terms of my agreements...

Now through her carelessness, she had brought down the ceiling in my bathroom by leaving her bath to overflow..." it really was too much.

Thats how it was that I first came to administer CP to this young miss. she couldn't afford to pay for the damage, so she very reluctantly agreed to take a caning from me.

I explained fully that I intended to give her 12 strokes of my senior school cane (bought from a certain shop in Old Compton Street, Soho) in truth its the only cane I own but I liked the sound of "Senior school cane" and it certainly seemed to impress young Belinda.

I decided to have her over a straight backed chair. I pushed her skirt up out of the way and fixed it in place with a clothes peg.

She had on a pair of tight black knickers which I decided to leave in place for the first six of the cane.

Her bottom was on the full side, almost a look of teenaged puppy-fat about it, although she must be in her early twenties in fact. She looked a picture bent over the chair, her bottom, rounded out nicely for me to whack as I chose... very nice, very nice indeed I thought as I brought the cane down across that naughty little bottom. She nearly jumped out of her skin... "I'm not taking that she said, already looking as if she might burst into tears at any minute... I must say I found this even better than I had hoped for... I told her firmly that she WOULD take it and indeed she would now get an extra stroke for getting out of position.

She settled down again, her lovely blonde head near the floor, her bottom pushed out just the way I liked it.

I gave her the first six, seven with the extra, slowly methodically, not too hard. It was her first caning after all.

Even so she looked a very unhappy young miss at half time.

For the second six, those tight black knickers had to come down. I pulled them down to just below her arse cheeks and left them turned inside-out there.

Now I could take in the full lush quality of the girl upstairs arse.

Yes, as I had thought. A trace of teenaged puppy-fat. Really she was quite delightful, her legs weren't great being a little too fat around the thighs, but I've always liked chubby thighs, not to mentioned her full globes now nicely marked-up from the seven strokes.

Now, with the knickers out of the way I could enjoy a better view and with that in mind I pushed her legs a little apart, I could glimpse blond curls and an attractive pussy.

I brought the cane down hard across the lower fuller curves of Blondie's arse.... now I could see the white mark left by the cane turn pink and then a much deeper pink.

I caned on, Missy was crying openly by now, but I thought of the readers of magazines like *Janus* or *Blushes*, and I knew I had to do my duty by them. I finished the punishment with a firm stroke in the area of lower buttocks/upper thighs, the puppy-fat area in fact. Her whole bottom juddered with the impact of that last stroke.

All in all she took it quite well.

I hope at some point to punish her again, but of course I've no idea if I will get a chance.

I'd be very interested to hear other readers ideas about punishing Belinda... how would they do it, given a chance, and would they employ other methods of humiliation, I must say I did think of Tit-dipping as Belinda has quite large breasts, any ideas are most welcome, and you know I will get quite a thrill out of thinking about all the punishments you would like to inflict on this really quite pleasant young lady.

After writing this I'm not sure that seeing her in the street in the morning as she heads off in her little car will ever be the same.

Keep up the good work.

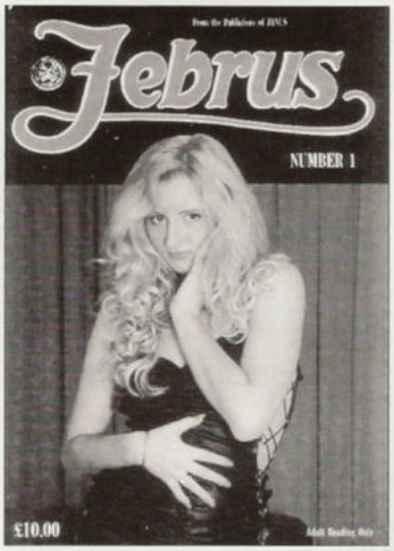
JR.

If you would like to write to us, please address your letter to:

Paula's Letterbox
FEBRUS
40 Old Compton Street
London W1

FEBRUS – SOMETHING NEW

Februs offers an intriguingly different yet complementary vision of the world of spanking and CP which we are sure will appeal to those of our readers who have not yet seen a copy. Produced by former *Janus* illustrator Paula Meadows and published by the *Janus* organisation, *Februs* provides a more feminine and personal perspective on the subject that fascinates us. Besides a full range of contents, each issue includes many superb original drawings by this uniquely gifted artist.



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